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THE  
S T O R Y  
O F  
LADY JULIANA HARLEY,  
A  
N O V E L.  
IN LETTERS.  
BY MRS. GRIFFITH.  
IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. I.

D U B L I N:

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AND J. EXSHAW. M.DCC.LXXVI.



## TO THE READER.

**T**O such trifling works as novels are generally esteemed, a preface may probably be deemed superfluous. For which reason I shall bestow but a few lines on this, and they shall only tend to obviate the remarks that may possibly be made upon the conduct of the story.

In the first essay I attempted in this species of writing, I acknowledged "my deficiency in the principal article of such compositions, namely, invention\*." The creative powers of fancy do not increase with years, being rarely to be met with but in the spring of life. On facts alone, then, my readers must depend for the entertainment I wish them to receive from the following sheets; as the utmost merit they can pretend to, is, that the characters, as well as the narrative, are drawn from the fountain of reality, tho' the stream, by  
wandering

\* Preface to the Delicate Distress.

wandering from one country to another, may have acquired some adventitious particles, as well as have lost some portion of its original peculiarity.

The ~~most~~ uncommon character in the following work is that of Mr. Evelyn; but I aver that I had the pleasure of being intimately acquainted with the person from whom the portrait is exactly copied, when he had reached his fiftieth year; and even at that period of life, his romantic passion remained unabated still, tho' the object of it had been no more, for several years; and dead to him a considerable time before.

From the favourable reception my former writings of this kind have been honoured with, I presume now, once more, tho' with extreme timidity, to solicit the indulgence of the public to this further attempt, and am, with the sincerest respect, its much obliged and most grateful humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.



T H E  
S T O R Y  
O F

LADY JULIANA HARLEY.

*J. Richardson*

LETTER I.

CHARLES EVELYN

T O

WILLIAM STANLEY.

Delville.

**I**F I was not a slave to my promise, I should not write to you, at present, as I find myself utterly incapable of expressing the mixed sensation of my mind.—I have often complained of the inadequateness of language, but never felt it more strongly than now; the most copious that I am acquainted with, could by no means afford you even an idea of the different reflections that have progressively given place to each other, in the space of eight and forty hours.

I am provoked at this natural incapacity of conveying my sentiments to you; words are but a cloak, or rather a clog, to our ideas; there should be no curtain before the hearts of friends; and the longing I have ever felt for an intuitive converse, is to me a strong argument for a future

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B

state

state—What says my sceptical friend to this opinion?—Don't be alarmed, I am not going to sermonize—but what is almost as dull, to narrate.

By the carelessness or ignorance of my postilion, who drove me at least a dozen miles out of my road, over Salisbury Plain, it was near midnight before I reached this place.—You, who are thoroughly acquainted with the natural warmth of my temper, and know how impatient I have been to embrace a favourite sister, after an absence of twelve years, may judge of my anxiety—but there was no remedy, and I strove to amuse the irksome tediousness of my journey, by endeavouring to trace in my imagination, the growing beauties of my Emma's features, from ten years old, when I last saw the little darling of our house, to their meridian charms of twenty-two.

At length we reached the gates of this noble edifice, and had the pleasure to find the family not retired to rest, by perceiving lights in the hall.—I enquired for Sir James Desmond, as I was determined not to announce myself, and I thought it rather too late for an unknown visitor, to demand an interview with his lady—I was shewn into a saloon, from whence the company had retired after supper; and from an adjacent apartment, I heard a confused sound of voices, intermixed with the detestable noise of a dice-box.

In a few minutes all was hushed, and a man, whom I believed to be an upper servant, was sent



sent to reconnoitre my person, and enquire my name and business. I told him I should not reveal either, but to his master. He smiled, as it now seems, at my ignorance, and withdrew. In about ten minutes, which seemed as many hours to me, Sir James entered, with an air compounded of *fiercé*, and timidity, I presented myself with the best grace I possibly could, and on mentioning my name, was accosted with the utmost politeness, by my brother-in-law.

On my expressing my impatience to see my sister, he said he was pretty certain that she was not gone to bed, and offered to conduct me to her apartment. I declined his offer till a stranger was announced to her; for I wished to surprise, not alarm her. A servant was then sent to let her ladyship know that there was a gentleman from London, who desired to pay his respects to her.—We followed the servant to her dressing-room door; she was sitting leaning on her elbow, and seemed lost in thought; the delivering of the message roused her from her reverie, she started up, and said who can it be, at this late hour? I flew and caught her in my arms, crying out, 'tis I, 'tis Charles! she pressed me to her bosom, softly exclaimed, my brother! and almost fainted in my arms.

I will not pretend to describe my sensation, for the reasons given in the beginning of this letter, but I am certain, I never felt such unimpassioned tenderness before.—Sir James, who was not much affected with our interview, left us, to go

and order some refreshment for me; tho' in truth I needed none, my mind being so perfectly delighted with beholding my beloved sister, whom I had ever thought on with all a father's fondness, that I had no leisure to attend to the calls of appetite.

I asked her a thousand questions, without waiting for her answer, except to one: the number of her children—she replied, I have but one—it is the image of our mother, and named after her.—Come, Charles, and let me shew you my lovely Fanny.—She led me to the nursery, where I beheld a little sleeping angel, of about two years old.—As we crossed the staircase, I again heard the dice-box rattle—Sir James is fond of play, I fancy, Emma, said I—She affected not to hear my question, and did not answer it.

A thousand disagreeable images rushed on my imagination, in that instant, I crushed their growth, and talked of India, of my other sisters, Lucy, and Mrs. Selwyn, and of you also, till we were summoned to the saloon, where supper was prepared for me.

I there met three gentlemen with Sir James, amongst whom was the person I had mistaken for a servant. When he was presented to me, I made my apology, which he received with great good humour, and congratulated Lady Desmond on my arrival, with such apparent sincerity, that I have taken a liking to this new acquaintance, whose name is Sewell.—

We

We spent a couple of hours most agreeably, my sister became quite chearful; Sir James and she sung two or three sweet duettos, and we all retired to rest; about three o'clock, in the most perfect harmony, and at this happy crisis I will leave you, having run my letter into too great a length, though I have a thousand things more to say to you; but I have quite as many to say to Emma, and so, Sir, you must, as in duty bound, give place to your betters; as you have gallantry enough, I hope, to agree with me, that all amiable women are so.

Adieu!

C. EVELYN.

## LETTER II.

CHARLES EVELYN

TO

WILLIAM STANLEY.

Delville.

**Y**OU know what an investigator of human nature I am, and yet here have I been, four whole days, and as many nights, under the same roof with Sir James Desmond, and cannot form any fixed idea of his character! one hour, tender and polite to his wife, fond of his lovely child, and easy in his manners to all around him.—The next, cold, distraight, nay peevish to my sister, insensible to the caresses of his little girl, inattentive and indifferent to his guests!—help me, Stanley, to account for such an opposition of

qualities, and inconsistency of demeanor, in the same individual.

Too plainly I perceive that Emma is not happy, yet she adores her husband, and when she speaks of him, her tongue grows wanton in his praise; at his approach, her eyes sparkle with delight, but lose their lustre when his countenance changes, as it sometimes does, from gay to grave. The variety of expression that Emma's Cameleon-like features receive from her Proteus, serve but to heighten her beauty.—I should think that nothing could be more interesting than her sprightly glance, if I had not seen her downcast eye.

Why, Stanley, do all women affect to charm us by levity, when our affections are much more liable to be attracted by an appearance of sensibility? However, it is not the semblance, but the reality that can please, as I have very lately experienced.—Where it is only assumed, it is easily detected; and when the paint is washed off, the complexion looks the worse, for having worn it—affectation in women, and hypocrisy in men, are equally detestable.

I have very uneasy apprehensions, tho' I hope they are not well founded, that Sir James Desmond's ruling passion is the love of play. Men addicted to this vice, of all others, shou'd never marry; it absorbs every generous affection of the human heart. The drunkard has intervals of sobriety, and in those may be capable of friendship and of fondness.—The choleric man is not  
always

always in a passion, and is even proverbially good-natured and humane; sorry for, and ready to atone, the evil his short lived frenzy may have caused.—Even the libertine, tho' he may cease to love, most generally esteems a virtuous wife; and if not a despicable wretch, indeed, endeavours to compensate for his want of fondness, by generosity and politeness towards her.

But let a man be once possessed with a passion for gaming, he becomes incapable of honour or affection; he wou'd wish to win money from his dearest friend, tho' he knew that friend must be distressed by losing it, and wou'd sacrifice the interest of his tenderest connection, to gratify this sordid vice, which like a whirlpool swallows every virtue.—His mind can never be at peace; his losses are attended with a permanent regret; his winnings, with but a transient exultation. The constant contention of his passion, destroys his constitution and anticipates old age; he passes his days and nights with harpies, like himself; he lives unloved, and dies unlamented.

I know not how I have been drawn into this long exclamation against a vice which you hold in as much abhorrence as I do, but my mind was full of rancour against it, merely on a supposition that it may interfere with the happiness of a beloved sister—I have now let out my venom, and shall perhaps be able to throw off that reserve to Sir James and his associates, which this mental bile has hitherto been the cause of.

I find from Emma, that my brother was rather averse to her marrying Sir James Desmond, but that he had suffered too much from a disappointed love to inflict such torments upon her; as she then confessed to him, and does now to me, that she cou'd not have been happy with any other man—May her husband's gratitude reward her predilection—And, indeed, if my suspicion, with regard to his love of play, be groundless, I doubt not but he will. As I have already said, he seems to love and esteem her, the caprice of his temper may produce sudden changes in his manner; but I think her beauty and tenderness must secure his affections.—I will think no more upon this subject, at present. My mind is involuntarily occupied by more selfish reflections; but in my next I shall afford you an opportunity of judging for yourself, by reasoning from facts.

Adieu.

C. EVELYN.

### LETTER III.

CHARLES EVELYN

TO

WILLIAM STANLEY.

**I** Promised in my last, to give you the minute transactions of this family; and how impossible! not only them, but every trace of my past life, except thy friendship, are vanished from my memory.

My

My sentiments, my passions, are engrossed by one object,—my whole soul is hers,—never was love so violent, nor beauty so inspiring, “ Since the first fair that Eden’s garden graced,”—wou’d she were my Eve, and I her Adam ! For in this peopled world, there is no doubt, but that she must have had as many lovers as beholders.—Perhaps some favoured youth has already touched her gentle heart, and your unhappy friend must sigh in vain—jealousy is twin-born with love; but so is hope; and I will hope, while I exist—despair and death to me can be but one.—

I will strive to methodize my thoughts, a little, and attempt a description of this charming woman; though I know it impossible to give you a just idea of her perfections. We were at breakfast in Lady Desmond’s dressing-room, when a servant announced the arrival of Lady Juliana Harley—my sister’s eyes sparkled with joy at her approach.—

She was dressed in a light grey cassimere cloth habit, embroidered with black; her hair was turned up under a white riding hat, in which was a black band and feather; some of her lovely auburn locks had broke from their confinement, and wandered carelessly o’er her snowy neck—she is a little taller than the middle size, her complexion dazzlingly fair, the colour in her cheeks so faint, so transient, that you can hardly pronounce there is any except when she speaks, or is addressed; and then we may say with Donne,

B 5

“ Her

“ Her pure and eloquent blood  
 “ Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
 “ That one would almost say her body thought.”  
 This circumstance, however, tho’ it may, perhaps, lessen her beauties, increases her charms; for by appearing not to have been any original defect in her complexion, but the casual effect of misfortune or ill-health, captivate us thro’ sympathy, which is always stronger than the senses. Her eyes dark blue, adorned with long black eye-lashes; her brows of the same colour; her nose the perfect Grecian; her lips and teeth—but I shall attempt no more—A statue may be described, but not a living Venus—she seems to be about four and twenty, and has been near two years a widow.

Emma tells me that my elder brother had been proposed for her, before her marriage with Mr. Harley; but her father, the Earl of K —, had already entered into a treaty with her late husband, and poor Harry was of course, refused—I grieve now for what he must have suffered, at that time; but console myself with thinking that he would have had a much severer struggle on his leaving life, had he been possessed of such an object. At least I strive to persuade myself that it was happy for him, he was not married to Lady Juliana, as I may hope, at the same time, that it was very fortunate for me.

This charming woman has promised to stay a fortnight with my sister, and then we are all to go to London together.—I will use all my  
 interest

interest with Emma, to delay her journey, and detain her lovely guest for a longer term. If I do not obtain some little share in her heart, whilst she remains under the same roof with me, where I have a thousand opportunities of marking my attentions, without appearing to obtrude them, I must despair of making any impression, when she will be surrounded by crowds of admirers, and hurried into all the dissipation of the gay world.

The country, as the poets tell us, is the scene for love; the pleasing objects that surround us, the pureness of the air, but, above all, its stillness, harmonize the soul, and render it susceptible of every soft and tender feeling.—Noise is an enemy to all the gentle passions, I agree with Sterne, that a lover who was unfortunate enough, to throw down the fire shovel and tongs, when he was going to prostrate himself at his mistress's feet, cou'd have very little hopes of success, from his hurried fair one.

Silence is rendered vocal, at this moment, by the soft sounds of Lady Juliana's, and my sister's voices, under my window—They are going to walk, perhaps,—I fly, I follow them!

Adieu!

C. EVELYN.

LETTER

## LETTER IV.

CHARLES EVELYN

TO

WILLIAM STANLEY.

SOME French writer says, "That there are  
 "men, who are such egotists, that rather  
 "than not talk of themselves they would even  
 "reveal their failings." Those men were never  
 in love, or they would have experienced a much  
 higher delight in talking of the object of their  
 affections, than of themselves.

For my part, I can neither think, talk, or  
 write upon any other subject than the charming  
 Juliana—If you were not a lover, I should fear  
 you would soon grow tired of my correspondence,  
 but as I know you are capable of all the pleasing  
 weaknesses necessarily attendant upon that cha-  
 racter, I trust you will indulge me on my favourite  
 topic.

In my last, I gave you a faint sketch of lady  
 Juliana's personal charms, but believe me, Stanley,  
 no pen or pencil can describe the winning softness,  
 and attractive grace, that accompanies her every  
 look and motion—I have seen many elegant  
 women, but she is elegance personified—*ipsa*  
*forma*.

There is a plaintive sweetness in her voice,  
 that would render the most trifling expressions  
 interesting; even a blindman, who did not un-  
 derstand her language, would be enamoured of  
 the

the sound—She talks but little, and when she ceases, I feel like our progenitor, when Raphael left off speaking—

“ The Angel ended, and in Adam’s ear

“ So charming left his voice, that he awhile

“ Thought him still speaking, still stood fix’d  
to hear.”

Her words upon every subject on which she converses, are perfectly well chosen, from whence I conclude she has read the best authors in our language; she is a perfect mistress of the French, and, Emma says, plays finely on the harpsichord, but has not been prevailed on since she came here to afford us this delight. I have never seen her laugh, and she sighs oftener than she smiles—she seems to labour under an habitual melancholy, which gives an additional softness both to her looks and manner.—

Do you know that notwithstanding our friendship, I should not be quite easy at your seeing Lady Juliana, if I was not convinced that Lucy has an unbounded power over your affections, and will of course be kind enough to herself, and me, to prevent your becoming my rival. As to the men who are in this house, they are so entirely occupied by their sordid passion for gaming, that I almost doubt whether the united charms of the whole sex could be able to make any impression on them. Their hearts are tied up in their purses. But though I despise their stupidity, I am indebted to it, as it occasions their retiring to a distant apartment every day after dinner,

dinner, to pursue their sports and pastimes, and leave me happier than an emperor, in the society of two most charming women.

I am sometimes permitted to read to them. Milton is a favourite of Lady Juliana's, and you may see by my quotation, that our tastes are the same. I have sometimes perceived while I have been reading, that she has looked earnestly upon me, but the moment I have raised my eyes in hopes of meeting hers, their modest lids have veiled them from my sight, and I have frequently observed a silent tear steal down her lovely cheek.

What can these marks of sorrow mean? I would give worlds to know, provided it was in my power to remove the cause. — Emma too, whom you know to be the gentlest of the gentle kind, appears absent, and lost in thought frequently. — From this account you will not suppose that our evenings are passed in the most lively manner. Yet believe me, Stanley, I would not exchange the pleasure I receive from this devotion of my time, for,

“ The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears.”  
The minutes seem to fly, while our society is confined to a triumvirate, but as soon as Sir James and his companions join us, Lady Juliana retires, and then all is what they call jollity, and I call noise.

I don't know whether you may not be inclined to laugh at my Sombre ideas of happiness, I know Lucy will, if you shew her my letter; be that as it may, I am certain I never was half so  
happy

happy before ; though perhaps neither you or she would be so in the same situation — I therefore wish ye both all the pleasures the gay world can give, and am most affectionately yours

C. EVELYN.

## L E T T E R V.

W I L L I A M S T A N L E Y

T O

C H A R L E S E V E L Y N.

“ Holy St. Francis ! what a change is here !

“ Is Rosaline whom thou didst love so dear,

“ So soon forsaken ?”

**A**ND now, I suppose, like your gallant prototype, Monsieur Romeo, you have totally forgotten your former mistress, and are ready to hang, drown, or put an end to your miserable existence, in any other doleful way, all for the love of your fair Juliet. Alas, poor Charles ! — however, I am glad you have been laid hold of by this charming relict — Love-making and hay-making are the two most delightful rural pastimes that I know of ; but it is not requisite that both should be done *while the sun shines*—for the first is just as agreeable by a fire-side, under a roof, with or without the singing of cage-birds, as in a summer’s evening, under the shade of a beech, to the soft notes of the nightingale,—For notwithstanding all that you or the poets have said, in praise of the country, I will venture to promise that your fond vows will

will be just as well received by Lady Juliana, at her house in Berkley-square, as in the moss-grown woods, or flowering-shrubbery at Delville — It is the man, and not the place, that must render his passion acceptable; for every spot is an Eden with those we love.

I will allow there is much pleasure, and perhaps some little advantage too, in being in the same house with the object of our affections, whilst we are endeavouring to inspire a reciprocal one; but that once having taken effect, believe me it is much more for the interest of the lover to be placed at a little distance, than too near. The pleasure of expecting his approach, fixes the fair-one's attention to his most agreeable qualities, and the flattering likeness which her fondness and self-love join to draw of the absent idol, generally exceeds the merits of the original.

If therefore you can flatter yourself with having made any impression on Lady Juliana's heart, and are seriously in love yourself, which I know not how to believe after your seeming attachment to Miss Morton, don't be afraid of her Ladyship's coming to London — remember, “That to a woman that loves, there is but *one* man in the world.” Some lady-writer has refined upon this sentiment of Rousseau's, and says, That to a woman who truly loves, there is *no* man in the world, the object is *more*; and every other *less*.

I admire your ingenuity in endeavouring to persuade yourself that your brother's being unsuccessful

successful in his addresses, was a fortunate circumstance for him, because it is a lucky one for you—just so do all men reason, who speak from their passions. Self-love is an artful sophister, and I have no doubt but you could easily prevail upon yourself to believe, that it was a great advantage to poor Harry to be taken off by a fever, in his eight-and-twentieth year, as his death has put you into possession of a noble estate, and recalled you from India's burning soil, to the mild climate of your native land.

Your serious complaint of the inadequateness of language, in your first letter, made me smile,—believe me you were more at a loss for ideas, than words, when you sat down to write ; or at least the former wanted precision ; for nothing can be clearer to me than that you were then undetermined with regard to Sir James Desmond's character—the new lights thrown upon it since, in my mind do but puzzle the cause — I am not personally acquainted with him, but he is generally well spoken of, tho' said to be remarkably fond of play ; and I have heard it hinted that he has suffered by it considerably.

I can't tell why I should dislike your new acquaintance, Mr. Sewell, and yet I do — your mistaking him for a servant is against him, — a meanness, either in manners or appearance, is no favourable prognostic—or—don't be angry, Charles, but possibly my antipathy may have arisen from your too sudden sympathy. Not from any spirit of contradiction, but that I know  
you

you are often too liable to *impromptu* attachments, both in love and friendship. — And yet, though you have smarted pretty severely for a first-sight connection before now, I would not, if I could, restrain the openness and benevolence of your nature.—Every man that is not himself a knave, is liable to be duped by one, till a thorough knowledge of the world has taught him caution, at the cost of one of the highest pleasures in life—that of thinking well of human nature.

I don't know whether your sisters, Mrs. Selwyn, and *my* Lucy, for I still hope to call her mine, have not reason to be jealous, in the friendly way, of your partiality to Lady Desmond,—she cannot, in my mind, have more excellent or amiable qualities than your eldest sister, nor is it possible that she can have more charms, either in mind or person, than your youngest. But I will not hint this unjust preference to either of them, particularly as I have reason, from your last letter, to believe that they, and all the rest of the world, are quite upon a par, in your present estimation; your whole quota of fond affections, being absolutely devoted to the transcendent beauties of your divine Juliana—I hope that last line is sublime enough to satisfy your lovership.

Adieu! my dear Charles, I have said nothing of my own affairs, because they are still in an unpleasant train.

Your's,

W. STANLEY.

P. S. I shewed your last letter to Lucy; she smiled, and said, some men have strange fancies.

## L E T T E R VI.

C H A R L E S E V E L Y N

T O

W I L L I A M S T A N L E Y.

U P O N my honour you do me wrong, Stanley,—I never loved, or feigned to love, Miss Morton—I thought her lively, elegant, and sensible, and still think her so, but were every charm she possesses augmented beyond the power of numbers to encrease, my heart could hold no sympathy with hers — For if she has a heart, it is an unfeeling one — Do not mistake me, now, by supposing that I complain of her coldness, from having experienced it— Believe me I never proceeded so far as to meet with a repulse.

When I first came to England, I saw her often, liked, nay, admired, and might perhaps have loved her, had not the worthlessness of her disposition broke through the cobweb veil of an affected sensibility, and turned my admiration to disgust—You may remember, that at the time of my arrival in London, Miss Morton was on a visit at my sister Selwyn's; this circumstance occasioned our being particularly intimate; we spent almost our whole time together, and whether from any little design of rendering herself agreeable to me, by indulging what you call my foible, or from an affectation of singular sensibility, I know not, she used to launch forth into  
such

such effusion of sentimental tenderness and generosity, as exceeded even our eastern ideas of humanity. — I have seen her ready to weep for a drowning fly ; and my sister Lucy used to say, Miss Morton could only be a fit wife for *The Man of Feeling* \*.

It happened one summer's evening, that we three walked in the park till near dusk ; as we came down Constitution-Hill, a young woman in a wretched garb, with a pale and emaciated countenance, passed closely by us. Chance, and chance alone, directed my eyes to glance full upon hers ; in a moment her face was suffused with crimson, she turned her head aside, quickened her pace, and was almost instantly out of sight.

Nothing is so swift as thought ; a ray of recollection beamed upon my mind, and brought back to my remembrance the once smiling countenance of Nancy Weston, whose father had been one of the under-masters at Winchester, at whose house I boarded, when I was placed at college there.—Her appearance spoke distress—*Adieu*, I quitted the ladies, and set out with hasty strides to overtake and acknowledge my former play-fellow, or rather play-thing, for she was some years younger than myself, and I had borne her in my arms a thousand times. What convinced me that I was not mistaken in my conjecture with regard to the identity of the

\* The title of a Novel.

person, was a pretty large mole at the bottom of her left cheek, which used to give a thousand nameless graces to her mouth.

I reached the top of the hill without perceiving the object of my pursuit, but upon looking backwards, I saw her lying on the ground at some distance from the foot-path, with her face covered by her hands—The little effort which conscious shame had impelled her feebleness to make, in order to pass unnoticed by me, had totally exhausted her last remains of strength, and perhaps she had said with Jane Shore — “ Why shou’d I wander, stray farther on, for I can “ die even here ? ”

I flew directly towards her, and raised her almost lifeless body from the earth — she could not articulate a single word, but the dumb eloquence of flowing tears too plainly spoke unutterable woe—I saw a gentleman passing at some distance, and called to him for help; as he came near, I entreated him to use the utmost expedition to fetch a chair to receive a young woman that I feared was dying, — he said he was sorry my humanity was not bestowed upon a worthier object, as he supposed her to be one of those unhappy wretches who nightly infest the park; but she should not however perish for want of his assistance, and at that moment set forward to call a chair, in which, at his return, I placed her, and desired the men to carry her gently to the first apothecary’s shop in Piccadilly, whither I attended her.

Every

Every medicinal aid that is usually given to fainting persons was administered to her, and she revived a little—the humane apothecary said she wanted food more than physic, and made her eat a little bread, and drink some wine and water. I then desired her to direct the chairmen to her home, and said I would follow her thither — she raised her languid eyes, and said, in a low, and scarcely articulate voice, *I have no home*. I then requested the apothecary to provide a lodging for her, near him, and to attend her both as a physician and a friend, promising to be answerable for any expence and trouble that might be incurred upon her account; and as a counter security to which engagement, left a bill for fifty pounds in his hands to be settled for at some future day.

The poor, unhappy girl then fell on her knees before me, pouring out the strongest expressions of gratitude for my kindness. I intreated her to compose her shattered spirits for the present, and to rely upon my friendship not to desert her, let her faults or misfortunes be of what nature soever they might. So leaving my address with her, that she might know where to apply, I returned to Mrs. Selwyn's, in order to account for my abrupt manner of quitting Miss Morton and Lucy.

When I had told my tale, I expected to see the bewitching tear of pity stand in Miss Morton's eye:—when to my amazement, a settled gloom loured on her brow, and indignation sparkled from

from her eyes,—she continued silent, till I addressed myself to her and Lucy, requesting them to spare me some part of their wardrobe, to supply the immediate necessities of the unhappy Nancy Weston, till there could be some procured, more suitable to her humble station—.

No words can describe the rage with which she told me, that she was astonished, both at my insolence and meanness, in expecting that she would suffer any thing she had ever worn to be contaminated by the person of a prostitute, for such she was sure I had known her to be, and if I intended to restore her to her former situation, she thought it would be but decent to cloath her at my own, rather than at any other person's expence.

It is impossible to express the sudden and forcible effect which both the manner and matter of Miss Morton's harangue produced on me. Suffice it to say, that they *unsexed* her, even from top to toe;—and from that hour, I have ever looked upon her mind with detestation, and her person with disgust.

I have entered into this long detail to acquit myself of a charge, which by the generality of the world is scarcely deemed a vice, but which I consider as an act of baseness, that of engaging the affections of an innocent heart, and then repaying its unmerited tenderness with black ingratitude.—Banished be the vile idea from every honest breast, and may his couch be ever strewed with

with thorns, that can, for his sport, create a pang in the bosom of unsuspecting innocence.

Away with the unpleasing subject, and let it prove to my Stanley, of how much consequence his esteem is to my happiness, when I tell him that it is now three o'clock in the morning, that I have danced from eight in the evening (but not with Lady Juliana, she having retired with visible dejection to her chamber, on the arrival of some company,) yet could not lay me down in peace, till I had removed the unjust suspicion he has hinted, though seemingly in jest, of my being a faithless lover, or, in other words, a scoundrel. — But though at this moment I am very far from being happy, either on my own or Emma's account, I have the consolation of thinking that I have not deserved to be wretched, and of knowing that I may boldly subscribe myself your *sincere* Friend,

C. EVELYN.

P. S. Lady Juliana has appeared, for some days past, much graver than usual,—she declines any little service from me, tho' of ever so trifling a nature, and seems cautiously to avoid entering into any conversation with me, tho' in a mixed company. Ah, Stanley! I have no hopes of making any impression on her heart, either at Delville, or in Berkley-square.

Mr. Sewell has lately dropped some hints to me, that Sir James Desmond's finances are a good deal embarrassed by his ill success at play. I think this person will justify my predilection in  
his

his favour, as he talks so very sensibly against both the vice and folly of gaming. But that in so unaffected a manner, that he acknowledges the necessity of it, to those who would live in the world, as at present constituted. This is too sad a truth.—The manners of life however corrupt, must be our rule of action, if we would preserve our rank in it.—He who would be virtuous alone, must live alone. While he has been speaking upon this subject, I have seen my sister steal a tender look at her husband, more persuasive than all the rhetoric of Demosthenes.—But if she cannot cure his disease, I can prevent its effects from becoming fatal for the present at least, I should be happy to do so,—if I could be happy.—Send me bills for the enclosed draft, by return of the post—I may, perhaps, have occasion for more than mere travelling expences before I leave this.

## L E T T E R    V I I .

W I L L I A M   S T A N L E Y

T O

C H A R L E S   E V E L Y N .

**I**T is now very near eleven o'clock, and I am but this moment returned from an excursion I made into Kent, for three or four days; of course I did not receive your letter till this instant.—I should think myself unworthy of the very delicate attention you have shewn to my good opinion, were I to delay the thanks that are due for it, to

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another

another post ; — accept them, my dear Evelyn, and be assured that I consider your generous impatience of blame, upon an article too lightly treated by the generality of men, as the strongest proof of your friendship. — The highest compliment we can pay to those we regard is, the endeavouring to appear worthy of their esteem ; for tho' love may, friendship never did, or will subsist, without a mutual exertion of kind offices, — and he who can acquiesce in another's thinking meanly of him, betrays an equal want of regard to him, and of respect to himself, — so much in honour of your nice feelings ; and I heartily wish that all men, and women too, were possessed of the same — particularly the latter, who, like “ Cæsar's wife, ought never to be even suspected.” —

I am extremely pleased at the little novel which my raillery (for indeed I meant no more) extorted from you. — Pray, at your leisure, let me have the remainder of Nancy Weston's story ; I feel myself much interested for her, which is more than I ever was for Miss Morton ; she always appearing to me a sort of made-up Miss, than which I know not a less amiable character.

O, Charles, if women would but trust to nature for their power to charm, and scorn the mean, the treacherous auxiliary of art, how unbounded would be their dominion over us ! — But I have not time now to expatiate on a topic that has ever been my favourite one. — For my mind is nice, tho' my moral is not severe.

I am

I am glad to hear that Lady Juliana is grown cold and reserved to you—It is at least a tacit confession that she is apprized of your passion.—No woman ventures to be disagreeably distant to a man, to whom she has once been civil, till she is quite certain that her caprice will render him unhappy.—Ladies are too tenacious of their sway, to attempt an exertion of it, where it is not likely to be felt, but your true lover is the properest object in the world for tyranny, and seems really designed for no other purpose but to be trampled on.

Courage then, Charles.—The ice at least is broken, and in such a changeable latitude, who knows how soon the wind may veer about to the south, and breathe its soft Etesian gales upon you. You will, I doubt not, perceive that I am not at present much inclined to write a panegyric upon *the fair sex*, and will of course conclude, that Lucy and I have had a *brouillerie*. I always squabble with those I love—because they won't let me have *my own way*—for, with those I care not about, I have *no way at all*. Yes, Evelyn! your sister is — a dear delightful, charming woman—good night.

W. STANLEY.

Your bills shall be sent by next post.

## L E T T E R VIII.

LADY JULIANA HARLEY

T O

MISS LUCY EVELYN.

**I** KNOW it will give my Lucy pleasure to hear that I have passed some time with her amiable friends at Delville. I acknowledge a secret and irresistible charm that attaches me to every part of the Evelyn family ; and in the society of Lady Desmond, tho' far less intimately connected with her than you, I hoped I should recover my spirits, so far as to enable me to indulge your request of passing some months of the approaching winter in London. —

The unexpected meeting with Mr. Evelyn, at first a good deal disconcerted me, for I am little used to seeing strangers. His appearance, perhaps, too strongly recalled the idea of his brother, but by degrees the painful suggestions of memory became less poignant, and I fancied I might with safety indulge the melancholy pleasure of tracing Henry's features in his brother's face.

But even this transient — what shall I call it ? alas ! it will not bear the name of happiness — cou'd not arrive to me without alloy.

Not to deal longer in mystery : your brother, to his great misfortune as well as mine, I fear has conceived an affection for me. Nay, I know he  
has.

has.—Dissembling is beneath me—gracious Heaven, why was I born to be a curse to all the Evelyn race! Why am I doomed to be the source of misery to those whom I love best on earth? This is beyond the common course of ills!

But let me recollect myself—Your brother's passions seem to be violent; and therefore may be the less permanent—I will stop the growing mischief then, by flying from his sight. I had resolved to go to London with Lady Desmond, and have sent my servants thither—no matter—I will return to Yorkshire, which I never more intended to visit, and pass the winter there, or any where, rather than hazard your brother's, Lady Desmond's, and my Lucy's peace.

You may, perhaps, think that I am too easily alarmed upon this subject; but, O my friend! those who have felt the pangs of real love should dread inflicting where they cannot heal them; and pity, poor cold pity, is all that now is left me to bestow.

Your brother has not yet made any explicit declaration of his attachment towards me; his pride will therefore be saved from the mortification of thinking that I fly from him—Trifling as this consolation may appear, I am glad he is in possession of it, as any other reason that he may assign for my shunning his addresses must be less painful than the real one.

If I were writing to any other person, I should have some apprehension lest they might suppose

my vanity had mistaken Mr. Evelyn's natural politeness, for the effects of a commencing passion: but his every look and action bear so striking a resemblance to those of his beloved brother, who loved me but too well, that it is impossible to doubt their motive—besides, my Lucy is a perfect Columbus in the *terra incognita* of lovers hearts, and discovered her faithful Stanley's fond attachment in his speaking eyes, for many months before his tongue revealed it — happy, happy Lucy! whose hand and heart are free to bless the man who best deserves them! whilst I——Here let me stop, nor pain your gentle breast with my complainings.—

I shall quit this house to-morrow; five minutes before I set out I will acquaint Lady Desmond with my intention of retiring into the North—How shall I be able to conceal the cause of this sudden alteration in my purpose from her? yet I will conceal it, from her, from all the world, but you.

Write to me, I intreat you, tho' I know I need not.—The friend of my heart will continue, as she has ever been, attentive to its happiness.—

Adieu—

J. HARLEY.

LET-

## LETTER IX.

CHARLES EVELYN

T O

WILLIAM STANLEY.

**O** STANLEY, she is gone! fled! and much I fear it is from me she flies.

Last night, curse on all sports and sportsmen! Sir James Desmond proposed our going out a shooting this morning early; the day was gloomy, and it was near nine o'clock before we determined upon setting out. — The ladies, as I thought, were not yet risen—while our horses were getting ready, I took a turn in the garden, and at some distance heard the sound of female voices — I stopped to listen from whence they came, and at that instant perceived Lady Juliana and my sister coming towards me, in close conference—they seemed to be engaged upon some very important subject, and I fancied I heard my name mentioned — the moment they beheld me, they turned about, and with a quickened pace shot down another walk — I saw they wished to avoid me, and therefore returned directly into the house. I joined Sir James and his friends, and we set out together; but I was too much occupied with the scene that had just passed before me, to be at all interested in their sport—they rallied me upon my inattention, and wished me to return home, as I interrupted their amusement, without seeming to be myself amused—I readily accepted my

*congé*, and clapping spurs to my horse, galloped back again with an unspeakable anxiety.

I found my sister alone in the drawing room, and instantly enquired for Lady Juliana—she replied, with a melancholy accent, she has left us, Charles.—Whither is she gone? and what cou'd be the cause of such a sudden flight?—On both these subjects I am as ignorant as you can be. It is impossible, I cried; but if you ever loved me, Emma, tell me, and tell me truly, have I offended Lady Juliana, and is it from my hated sight she flies?—I am sure she does not hate you, she replied, for her nature is incapable of repaying hatred *for love*.—What, then she knows I love her?—From her discourse I believe she *fears* you do—but be composed, sit down, I beg of you—Wherefore shou'd she *fear* it? Does she think meanly of me? My brother was not thought unworthy her alliance, she wou'd have given her hand to him, but that her father's promise was engaged to one she never loved, — but I will know the cause of her disdain; from her own lips will know it. I rang the bell, and ordered my chaise to be got ready instantly. Emma burst into tears, and said, do not render me more unhappy than I am already—my brother, do not leave me in distress.

Alarmed as all my passions were, her gentle accents vibrated upon my heart, and calmed each throbbing pulse.—I sat down by her, took her by the trembling hand, and said, what does my Emma mean?—Can I relieve her sorrows?—Her  
tears

tears flowed more abundantly, and for some minutes stopped her utterance—at length, turning her head away from me, she said, yes, Charles, thank Heaven, you can ; but do not let the present circumstance lessen my husband in your esteem ; no man is perfect, and Sir James has but one fault—he is too fond of play. There is an execution in our house this moment for seven hundred pounds. I would have joined with my husband to raise the money, by relinquishing my jointure—but he would not listen to the proposal, declaring he would perish in a goal, rather than injure me, or our dear little Fanny.—He is, indeed, my brother, the tenderest of husbands, and of fathers.

Of those particulars, Emma, said I, you certainly are the best judge, but have I not reason to resent Sir James's want of confidence in me ? Why did he not prevent this disgrace to himself and family, by acquainting me with his necessities?—Could he suppose me mean enough to suffer you to be distressed for any sum within my power to raise ? — Ah, Charles ! she replied, catching my hand, the mind that feels its own reproach dreads to expose itself to that of others. —They who have lost the fear of being contemned, most generally deserve to be so.

I will believe you reason justly, Emma, and would not, if I could, refute your argument ; but time now presses.—It is impossible that I can rest till my doom is pronounced by Lady Juliana —this night I must leave Delville, and am at

present no otherways prepared to extricate you from your irksome situation, than by taking the debt upon myself, if your creditor will accept my security, I am ready to give it; but, as I am not known to him, he may perhaps object.—If I could stay but three days longer, it might be more easily accomplished; for, from some hints that have been dropped, in relation to Sir James's circumstances, I drew upon my banker for a thousand pounds, but I cannot expect the bills should be returned to me till Friday at the soonest.

It is no matter, she replied, Mr. Sewell will, I doubt not, gladly accept of your security. Is Sewell then your creditor, I exclaimed? Could he lodge an execution in the house under whose roof he dwells? I know not how it is, my brother, but I believe the money was originally lost at play to Mr. Sewell—Sir James gave him a bond, on which he raised the money from his brother, who now exacts the payment in this severe manner.

I fear then, Emma, Sewell is a knave, and joined in mean collusion with his brother, to distress your husband, who looks upon him as his friend. You are deceived, Charles, I am sure he is Sir James's friend and mine, by his perpetually dissuading him from play.—It may be so; but tell me, Emma, all you know, and all you think of Lady Juliana's sudden departure, what can it mean?

She replied, I again repeat to you, that I am as ignorant of Lady Juliana's motives for her conduct,

conduct, as yourself:—though to all appearance she has been perfectly blameless through the whole course of her life; her actions have always been involved in a sort of mystery, and seemingly inconsistent, to my apprehension.—My sister Lucy may possibly be better acquainted with her sentiments than I am, as she was very intimate with her, even before her marriage. She did not continue in that state above four months, and tho' I have reason to believe she was an unhappy wife, she lamented her husband's untimely death with such an extravagance of sorrow, as placed her very nearly on a footing with the Malabarian widows; for her health was so much impaired by her grief, that it was thought impossible she could recover; nor have I ever seen her chearful since her husband died. — But from the moment she perceived your particular attachment, her melancholy was encreased, and she has seemed twenty times upon the point of expressing her uneasiness at your constant assiduities. For these last three days she appeared to be quite retired within herself, and I have had so many disagreeable things to engross my thoughts, that I was rather pleased at her reserve, and did not attempt to draw her out of it.

This morning she sent her woman to let me know that she wished to speak with me, and that I should find her in the garden, to which I instantly repaired. She was seated in the temple, by the river's side, leaning on her arm, and seemed lost in thought; when I approached her, she  
started

started from her reverie, and said — The ill fate that has ever attended me, prevents my staying longer at Delville, or accompanying you to London; I was born to create misery, where I wish to confer happiness, but I will not voluntarily encrease the baneful influence of that malignant fatality which dwells around me.—For this reason only, do I now take a precipitate leave of you, my dear Lady Desmond, intreating you not to mention my departure till I have been gone some hours.

I, at first, proceeded Emma, endeavoured to rally her out of her resolution, and told her, that she seemed by her phrase to have been studying judicial astrology; but that I was a greater conjuror than she took me for, and assured her that I saw no baneful influence, nor malignant fatality in her horoscope; but on the contrary, love, joy, and harmony proceeding from the little twinkling star that had directed her steps to Delville, from which place I earnestly entreated she would not depart till we all set out together.

I had forced a smile into my countenance, while I talked to her, and did not, till I had done speaking, perceive that her eyes were filled with tears —She turned her face from me, and stepping out of the temple, said, Lady Desmond has too much humanity to jest with the sorrows of her friend, did she believe them real—and I have too much tenderness for her, to convince her that they are so—again I take my leave, wishing every good on earth to her, and all that have the happiness

to belong to her, once more repeating my request of concealing my departure—The reason of this request must be sufficiently obvious to a person endowed with less perspicuity than are any of *Mr. Evelyn's sisters*.

I need not proceed to relate Emma's entreaties or Lady Juliana's refusals—It is from me she flies—why then do I pursue her? What a question? Do we not all pursue whatever eludes our wish, and shun the bliss that meets it? and sure if ever man was yet impelled by an irresistible impulse, I am.

You will perhaps, smile, at the seeming inconsistency of contenting myself with expressing my ardor thro' a long letter, instead of indulging it by pursuing the fair fugitive; but at present my impetuous passion is controuled by fraternal affection—I cannot leave my sister in distress, and to relieve her from it, I must wait the return of Sir James Desmond and his companions of the field.

They are arrived, I hear their boisterous and unmeaning mirth; Sir James's voice sounds louder than the rest—thoughtless man!

Adieu! my Stanley.

C. EVELYN.

I find it impossible to set out this night—Sewell's brother is sent for—How cruel this delay! I have this moment received your short billet; accept my thanks in return, they are all I have to offer; my mind is too much disturbed to think on any subject but one, and I have already tired  
you

you with that. — I detest hazard, and yet am going to play at it. — They say it interests and agitates ; — I deny its power, except on those whose minds are tainted with the meanest of all vices, avarice — But I have a purpose in it, which is not quite so selfish.

## LETTER X.

MISS EVELYN

TO

LADY JULIANA HARLEY.

**I** DO really and truly begin to think, that you my dear Lady Juliana, and all the rest of the world, are agreed in believing that I am literally hewn out of a marble block, and can bear disappointments and vexations as unfeelingly as the aforesaid sturdy substance can endure the strokes of the hammer and the chissel. But ye are all mistaken ; for I am, and ever will be, exceedingly grieved and provoked at the absurdities of my friends, when they are either weak or malicious enough to interfere with my happiness, or their own.

Why, thou inhuman fair one, what a roundeau of delights has thy caprice destroyed ! I could cry with vexation when I think of the dear little parties I had formed in your box at the opera, your Charles, and my William, with the Lords A, B, C, and so on, to the end of the alphabet, “ Making their bends adorings ” — Our suppers  
at

at Almack's, our private balls, our masquerades, but above all, our *quarres*, with our Corydons in Berkley-square — and can I bear the disappointment ! and all for what ? why truly because the thing in the world which was most likely to happen, and which I most wished, has actually come to pass—that Charles Evelyn should fall in love with Lady Juliana — O cruel, cruel friend, thou hast almost broke my heart.

But to be serious ; for whatever you may think, I am by no means inclined to jest upon this subject, what are these dreadful portents that have alarmed you, and driven you at this season of the year to the very antipodes of our delights, the chilling North ? If you really did not like my brother, though I must say I see no reason why you should not, you need not have given him any encouragement, but merely suffered him to dangle after you till the beginning of next summer, and by that time either he would have been tired of serving without wages, or you would have been ashamed of acting a shabby part, and so have paid the man for his pain and passion with your lovely self.

For the sake of common sense, my dear Juliana, think better of this business, away with those glooms that should have been put off with your fables, and order your chaise to London.

You cannot imagine how much I am distressed for a *chaperon*—my sister Selwyn is within a month or six weeks of lying-in, and goes no where —my sister Desmond is not come to town, and  
when

when she does, will be so taken up with her domestic concerns, her child and her husband, to be sure, that I am not to expect much comfort from her—Now you are to know, as a very great secret, that this is the last year of my reign—I feel that I must abdicate in spring; if possible it shall not be till the Ranelagh season is near over—but I must not trifle longer with Stanley—You cannot conceive how I love him, and yet I have now cooked-up a most delicious quarrel about Maria Morton (whom I know he detests, and indeed so do all the men of her acquaintance) merely to prevent his teizing me into matrimony, at this time of the year, when one has *something else to do*.

I have now laid all my distresses before you, and if your heart is not as much steeled to friendship as to love, you will have pity on the sister, though ever so obdurate to the brother, and fly to the relief of your

LUCY EVELYN.

## LETTER XI.

CHARLES EVELYN

TO

WILLIAM STANLEY.

Delville.

**F**A TE seems to oppose my every purpose, Stanley:—here am I still detained by drifting snows and piercing winds; not that their force should stop my progress on my own account,  
“ nor

“nor storms, nor night should keep me here”—but that fellow, Sewell’s brother, who derives his greatness from that of his debtors, and says, like Cacofogo, “The King of Spain owes me “money,” will not set out from his cottage, tho’ it is but eighteen miles off, till the weather mends, forsooth — and here must I wait, like St. Laurence on the gridiron, till his usurership arrives.—

I sat down to hazard, as I told you, last night, determined, like our former kings on a twelfth night, if possible to lose a thousand pounds to Sir James, and make that sum a debt, which must otherwise be deemed a courtesy — but here chance unluckily opposed my purpose — Fortune, as she is called, favoured, or rather disappointed me; I won every thing; the baronet and both his companions are my debtors.

N. B. Sewell has again recovered some part of my esteem; he lost his money *like a gentleman*,—one must borrow similes when they can’t frame them—the other, one Simpson, who they say is rich, seemed to suffer the most dreadful agonies, and sometimes vented his feelings in horrid imprecations. O Stanley, how is it possible that a rational being should ever put himself a second time into such a situation, as to render him, at once, both unhappy and contemptible.—

Your letter has most agreeably interrupted my moralizing—Thanks to my friend for his punctuality; I will this moment go and present the bills to Emma; Sir James is not yet risen; if I can  
quit

quit Delville without seeing him, it will save both him and me from an equal embarrassment, yet there is something tells me that my going, *sans adieu*, may, in his present situation, perhaps offend the baronet ; and all impatient as I am I will stay breakfast—"Beyond the fix'd and "settled rules."—This little business is finished, and if I could describe the grateful tenderness with which Emma received the present, you would be charmed with the portrait, Stanley—Sir James Desmond too, seemed to accept it from her hands with more sensibility and dignity than I imagined him possessed of.

Does not our self-love sometimes suppose merits where we bestow our favours, in order to heighten our own pleasure in the act of benevolence ? — I am not at leisure now to investigate the philosophy of this idea, but I am persuaded that we are generally more strongly attached to those we have obliged, than even to those who have obliged us. —Is it not usury then to expect gratitude ? Not that I would encourage the modern philosophy, which reduces all virtue to self-interest ; for if I may hazard an *unborrowed simile*, the liberal mind may be compared to the *Nile*, which enriches the soil, from its own abundance, without requiring any return.

Adieu, for a few hours—

C. EVELYN.

LET-

## LETTER XII.

MISS EVELYN

TO

LADY JULIANA HARLEY.

Clarges-street.

**I** HAVE often heard that love makes wise men fools; and “turns our wits the seamy side without.”—Poor Charles! It was almost midnight when he arrived here last night; pale as ashes, his eyes wild and haggard, and his hair undress’d. My sister Selwyn had not been well all day, and was retired to rest.—The moment he came into the parlour where I was sitting, he cried out, Where is she, Lucy? Gone to bed, said I, thinking he enquired after Mrs. Selwyn.—Do not torture me, he replied, but tell me where is Lady Juliana?

A strange question truly, answered I; surely you have seen her long since I did.—I spoke this in a mist, for I thought he might have first enquired his sister’s health, after an absence of above a month.—Quite frantic, he threw himself at my feet, and said he would not stir from thence till I informed him where you were; for that Stanley had told him he believed I knew.—*Mem.* I shall punish Mr. Stanley pretty handsomely for pretending to guess at my secrets. Mr. Selwyn, who was in his library in the next room, composing a sermon, for aught I know, alarmed by the noise this inamorato made, peeped into the parlour,

parlour, with his glasses on, and seeing a man at my feet, seemed doubtful whether he should retire or advance, till I intreated him to come in, assuring him it was not a lover, but a lunatic, he beheld in that situation.—You are mistaken, Lucy, Charles exclaimed, I am the tenderest, fondest, most unhappy lover that ever yet existed, and if you have not a mind to drive me to distraction, you will acquaint me where my deity resides, and let me kneel before the shrine which she inhabits, with purest adoration.

Psha, very prophane that, said Mr. Selwyn:—For Heaven's sake, Charles, said I, rise and compose yourself—you must be very certain that if lady Juliana had entrusted me with any thing she chose to keep a secret, I would not violate the trust by revealing it to you; you can therefore receive no benefit from Mr. Stanley's information. But whatever are her motives for retirement, I hope they will not operate long, and that she will be restored to the society of her friends in a few days, or weeks, at farthest.

Days or weeks! exclaimed he,——you talk of centuries! I tell you, Lucy, I will not rest till I behold her.—Nay then, said Mr. Selwyn, I shall wish you a good night; it will be vain for me to sit up any longer, but if you chuse to pass the night without sleep, I will order the servants to mend the fire, bring you fresh candles, and go to bed, for they must rise in the morning. I could not help smiling at Mr. Selwyn's literal conception of my brother's expression.—Charles seemed

seemed much offended with both of us, and rushed out of the room, without even bidding us good night.

Now, madam, what do you think of the mischief your cruelty, or caprice rather, has occasioned? May I not say, with Ophelia, "O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!" And have I not a right in common justice, to demand the restoration of my brother's senses from your ladyship, or some other averdupois equivalent for the loss? In short, my dear Juliana, if you have any friendship for me, you will immediately come to London, and make an end of this simple business.—If you cannot like my brother, tell him so, and perhaps the wound which his self-love must receive from your denial, may rouse him to attempt the conquest of an hopeless passion.

I am rather surprized at not having seen my poor lunatic to-day; my sister Selwyn is quite grieved about him, and sent this morning to know how he did, and to invite him to dinner—but the servant returned with a *non inventus*—he had drove out of town—whither can he have taken his flight? Mr. Selwyn thinks he ought to be put under Doctor Monro's care; but I make bold to say, that you, and only you, can effect his cure.—Hasten then, my sweet friend, to the relief, both of Charles and

LUCY EVELYN.

LET-

## LETTER XIII.

CHARLES EVELYN  
 TO  
 WILLIAM STANLEY.

Bath.

**N**O, Stanley! she is not here, and this place, though thronged with numbers of the young and gay, is to me a desert. Yet I confess there was a probability of meeting, or at least hearing of her, in such a concourse of people of her own rank;—yet no tidings of her have yet reached me.

Pardon me, Stanley, if I say that I can hardly forgive your Lucy—I will not call her my sister.—She certainly knows where Lady Juliana is, and yet is so inhuman to conceal it from me.—Surely you must have power sufficient over her to make her reveal the secret; be assured, if she refuses to let you know it, she is not worthy of your affection, for I am certain it is impossible for a woman to deny any thing to the solicitations of the man she loves. This maxim is too frequently proved, to admit of its being doubted; but what a wretch is he who takes advantage of its certainty, to betray unsuspecting innocence, or to involve the being he pretends to love in misery and guilt!

I have been led into this reflection by the unfought confidence of our school-fellow, Capt. Williams, whom I happened to meet with here,  
 and

and who is a very libertine, and at present engaged in an unworthy attempt on a young lady, his equal in birth, though not in fortune. She has a brother in the army, who is expected daily from Ireland ; and the apprehension of his arrival hurries Williams into the most imprudent conduct: so that the young lady will probably lose her reputation, if her brother should even come time enough to protect her innocence.

I have expressed my sentiments upon this subject very fully to him, but he only laughs at what I say ; except when I mention the certainty of the young lady's brother calling him to account for his ill behaviour. This part of the ceremony, he says, he does not like, but has asked me to be his second, in case he should be involved in such an adventure. But I have declined the honour ; for the punctilio should be shewn in avoiding an offence, not in defending it.

Is it not amazing, that a man should premeditatedly rush on to an action that his heart must condemn, even at the hazard of his life? Anxious and unhappy as my mind is at present, if I had the least acquaintance with the young lady, I would do every thing in my power to save her from destruction ; but he has had honour, or rather prudence enough, to conceal her name, and it is of course impossible for me to interfere further.

Once more let me entreat you to exert your utmost influence with Lucy, to make her discover Lady Juliana's retreat, and I here pawn my  
honour

honour both to her and you, that if after one interview her ladyship should persist in dooming me to perpetual banishment, I will obey the stern decree, will instantly quit England, and never more obtrude myself into her presence.—

Surely, if Lucy loves her friend, she will be satisfied with this proposal.

Adieu,

C. EVELYN.

## LETTER XIV.

WILLIAM STANLEY

TO

CHARLES EVELYN.

**I** AM sincerely sorry for your disappointment, my dear Charles, though more surprized at the effect than cause, as I could not possibly suppose that if Lady Juliana seriously meant to fly from you, she could think of retiring to so public a place as Bath. — But I own I flattered myself that the peculiar gaiety of a scene so entirely new to you, would have dissipated the chagrin you seem to feel from her flight; or that some new object would have attracted your attention, and engaged you in a less tiresome pursuit, but I find you are a brisk huntsman, and are determined to pursue the sport, though you have missed the quarry.

I would by all means advise you to drink the Bath water; it is famous for exhilarating the spirits; but if that should fail, drink wine I entreat you.—I have known many an unsuccessful  
passion

passion cured by the bumpers that were filled to the obdurate fair-one's health: wine is the modern Lethe, Charles, and, as Gay says,

“ Can banish care, and cure despair.”

If I had any better comfort to offer you, I should not perhaps so strongly recommend the above recipe; but indeed, my friend, I must beg to be excused from obeying the request you have so strenuously made to me, for I never shall exert my influence over the woman I love, to tempt her to an act of dishonour, and such I hold a breach of confidence to be.—And were I married to your charming sister——delightful thought! I should esteem her still the more for preserving the secrets of her friends inviolate, even from me.

Nothing but the romantic passion with which you are infected, can excuse your condemning *my* Lucy: gladly do I accept the term, for not betraying Lady Juliana's confidence; and give me leave to say, that this passion has rendered your conduct both unjust and absurd towards the object of it.

Lady Juliana has acted nobly, and shewn herself superior to the meanness and cruelty of coquetry; she has even sacrificed her own happiness to yours, by depriving herself of the society of her friends, to enable you to conquer an hopeless passion.—Believe me, Charles, women speak but too plain when they decline our company; and I think it is high time that you should ask yourself what right you have to break in upon

her retirement, and compel her to receive your visits ?

Your only plea is, that she did not reject the addresses of your brother ; perhaps it is for that very reason that she declines yours. — Allow me to say, that Harry was to the full as amiable as you are ; — now surely it is not impossible that Lady Juliana might have loved your brother ; and if so, can you imagine that her affections are to descend with the family estate to the next heir ?

For shame, Charles ! rouse your reason, and cease to persecute this charming woman ; — she has already, by all accounts, suffered too much : the sudden, and yet unaccounted for, death of her husband brought her almost to the brink of the grave. Though every one knew it was impossible she could love him, yet her conduct towards him has ever been unimpeached ; and what must the delicacy of her mind have suffered from living with a man whom she could not avoid detesting ?

Women have infinitely more merit, in such cases, than men ; — we are rarely, if ever, compelled to marry against our inclinations ; but if interest, too often more powerful than any other attraction, prevails on us to unite ourselves to a disagreeable object, we are generally so inhuman as to make her suffer for the crime we have ourselves committed, by punishing her with neglect, or perhaps a worse species of ill treatment : — whilst the poor girl, who has been led an unwilling

willing victim to Hymen's altar, can have no safe resource but sighs and tears, no indulgence is allowed to any former, or future passion, she may feel; her affections must be restrained by the magical ceremony of marriage within her own bosom, because she cannot confer them on a wretch she detests, and must not dare to bestow them elsewhere.

I am sorry that Williams is a scoundrel; such I think any man who lays a scheme to destroy innocence. But since knight-errantry is exploded, and that the young ladies of our *siècle* are pretty well enlightened in matters of gallantry, we must e'en leave them to take care of themselves.—But as you so justly condemn his conduct, I am pleased with your having refused to be his second: — the man who appears in that character is always supposed to approve the cause of his friend's quarrel: — besides, if you should engage in any such business, you well know what you must necessarily suffer from Parson Selwyn's preachments against the damnable sin of duelling. — Think on this, and keep clear of the consequences.

Your's sincerely,

W. STANLEY.

P. S. Your quondam friend, Maria Morton, has made a run-away match with a young foreigner, a Monsieur du Pont, whom she has deceived, by passing for a great fortune.---In reality she is worse than a beggar, as the little estate that is to come to her after her mother's

- D 2

death,

death, is involved for its full value by debts, contracted for the indulgence of Maria's extravagance. I pity Lady Morton much; but the young man more.

## LETTER XV.

CHARLES EVELYN

TO

WILLIAM STANLEY.

**D**EAR Stanley, I have received your friendly, may I not rather say, your chiding letter? I acknowledge the unreasonableness of my pursuit, but when had reason power to conquer love?

Yet in behalf of my own weakness, give me leave to say, that acting as you think upon wrong principles, by endeavouring to obtrude myself into Lady Juliana's presence, I have however shewn much moderation, by limiting my pursuit to a single interview—I am not a basilisk, Stanley, the sight of me will not destroy this lovely woman; and 'tis necessary I should first know her will, before I can obey it.

'Tis true, my friend! she has shewn herself superior to coquetry, and has voluntarily exiled herself from those gay scenes in which she ought to shine, perhaps to shun my hated sight—Then is it not incumbent upon me to restore her to an admiring world, to the society of those she loves.—O why, alas! am I not of that happy number?—You will answer me that passion is involuntary—  
—I know

—I know it but too well. You seemed to hint that she once loved my brother; is that a reason for her hating me? There is no rivalry between us now, his passions are at peace, and if he died possessed of her affections, he was much happier than your living friend.

You are a lover, Stanley, but a calm, because an happy one.—Lucy repays your tenderness, and nought but worldly prudence now impedes your union. For this reason you treat my sufferings lightly, for even the tenderest sympathy of friendship cannot feel for woes it never has experienced.—There is no Lethe for unhappy love, and let me add, *en philosophe*, that wine enflames, but never cures our passions.—I shall not, therefore, my kind physician, venture upon your *recipe*, but I will save you the trouble of a farther prescription, by following my own regimen, and ceasing to complain.

I have met with a tender sympathizing friend and confidante here.—I shall be angry if you smile, Stanley, when I tell you it is Nancy Weston—I never saw joy so strongly painted in any countenance as hers, when she met me; our surprize was mutual, but luckily this unexpected interview happened about eight o'clock in the morning, and we had no spectators to restrain, or comment upon the strong expressions of a grateful heart.

She told me before I went to Delville, that she was very capable of the millinery business, having formerly lived some time with a relation

of hers, who had kept a shop in Tavistock-Street, but who was now dead.—I then told her if she could find out any method of establishing herself properly in business, I would assist her with the means of carrying it on, and left her a few guineas to clothe and support her, till my return.

During the few hours I spent in London before I came here, my mind was so violently agitated, that I never once thought of Nancy Weston, and the poor girl's modesty would have prevented her from ever applying to me, or being farther burthened, as she expresses it, had not chance thrown her in my way at this time.—She works with a very creditable chamber milliner, who had known her formerly at her cousin's, and who will take her into partnership with a few hundreds, which she shall have with an hearty welcome into the bargain, for I think I need not tell you, that her happiness will contribute to mine.

That puppy Williams has been witty upon hearing that an handsome milliner's doll, as he calls her, drank tea with me on Sunday last.—He happened to call upon me that evening, and my trusty Scipio refused to admit him, tho' he would not make the common excuse of saying I was not at home.—He has teased me ever since with a deal of unmeaning ribaldry, and presses me most vehemently to introduce him to my favourite; but that I never shall; she is much too good and amiable to be the sport of such a libertine.

If he may be credited, which I much doubt, he has been successful in his amour—he no longer conceals the lady's name, 'tis Harrison; he shewed her to me in the rooms—I never saw a more elegant form, nor a more lively countenance—when he saluted her, she smiled and blushed.—Can it be possible that guilt should assume that first of female charms, the joint result of sensibility and modesty.

She danced a minuet with Lord March, and then took out Captain Williams—she acquitted herself in both the minuets with infinite grace and ease.—Surely it is impossible she could be conscious of having forfeited her honour, and yet still continue to wear the semblance of cheerful innocence.

As she did not dance country dances, I joined her party and drank tea with her—I talked to her a considerable time, and tho' I think there is too much levity in her manner, I cannot prevail upon myself to believe that she has fallen a sacrifice to such a contemptible trifler as Williams. Mrs. Peachum says, *How are those mothers to be pitied who have handsome daughters?* I say, How are those handsome girls to be pitied, who have not mothers? Miss Harrison has been an orphan, from her birth; her father was one of those gallant, but unfortunate officers, who lost their lives with Braddock; her mother was then pregnant of this girl;—she lived but a few hours after she received the account of her husband's loss, and expired in the moment of her daughter's birth.

birth.—There is something so affecting in the circumstances of both her parents deaths, that has inspired me with a kind of additional tenderness towards her—I pity, and will if not too late, preserve her.

I have received a letter from my loved Emma, by which I can discover that she is unhappy.—Sir James Desmond is again involved in difficulties; she has not particularized the circumstances, nor given the least hint of expecting any assistance from me.—Does she not know I am her brother?—assure Mrs. Selwyn and your Lucy of my affectionate regard, and believe me sincerely yours,

C. EVELYN.

## L E T T E R   X V I.

W I L L I A M   S T A N L E Y

T O

C H A R L E S   E V E L Y N.

**B**R A V O! Bravo! Charles! I am delighted beyond expression to find you, like Hudibras, profiting of Ralpho's gifts, at the very time you seem to disdain them.

Sly as you are, I will bet an hundred guineas to five, that before you sat down to indite your last epistle, you had drank a couple of glasses of Bath water, or double that number of Champagne.—But no matter for the cause, I congratulate you on the effect, and will from thence take upon me to pronounce, that your lovership is in a fair way of recovery.

Three

Three whole pages, without the name of Juliana, or the word love! I should have been amazed, indeed, at this happy change in your stile, if you had not lessened my surprise by mentioning your little tender sympathizing confidante. — O Charles, there is nothing like true female softness; 'tis the very balm of life; for when pity flows from beautiful lips, who would not receive comfort; Gratitude too must have animated her speech, glow'd on her cheek, and sparkled in her eyes. I would have given fifty guineas to have been a witness of your *accidental interview*.—You are a lucky man to have met with this charming girl, for such I suppose her to be, so critically.

I think you are too severe upon Williams: it was natural enough for him to rally you a little, considering the gravity of your character, upon a *tete-a-tete* with a young woman; especially as you make such a mystery of your connection, and had refused to introduce him to her acquaintance; in which, however, I think you perfectly right. Men of his character look upon all women who are placed in a situation beneath them, as lawful prey; whereas I consider that part of the softer sex whom fortune has dealt unkindly by, whose principles and manners are more elevated than their station, as peculiarly entitled to our respect and protection; and could more easily forgive myself for a failure in a point of politeness towards a duchess, than to a woman who is

unhappy enough to feel her present condition, a degradation from her former rank.

I don't much like to introduce the subject of your passion for Lady Juliana, but, believe me, if you are, as you say, sufficiently reasonable to be contented with one interview, a little more reason will enable you to be contented without one.—I heartily wish that was the case, for *my* Lucy is quite unhappy and dissatisfied at being deprived of Lady Juliana's society; and now openly declares, that you are the sole cause of her exile.—Be generous, Charles! and restore her to her friends without conditions;—trust to chance for your meeting, and to the nobleness of her sentiments when you do.

The portrait you have drawn of Miss Harrison, is by no means decisive, with regard to her present situation.—Gaiety or gravity are in a great measure constitutional:—I consider too great an addition to the first as a misfortune, rather than a fault, but am far from thinking that liveliness and innocence are incompatible.—Too great freedom of speech or manner in a young woman, certainly lessens the respect which is otherwise due to her; it enfranchises the bounds that are placed between the sexes, puts them too much on a level, and tempts libertines to hazard improper freedoms, which though rejected and resented, necessarily sully the purity of female delicacy, and leave a stain behind:—for as Lady Mary Wortley Montague has justly said,

“He comes too near who comes to be denied.”

Williams

Williams is certainly a worthless wretch, and I heartily wish that Captain Harrison may treat him as he deserves; but I don't see why you should take the work off his hands, and thrust yourself into a scrape, unless it be merely *pour passer le temps*;—but if I might advise, I should think you had better look out for some better amusement, and can hardly seek amiss.

Joy to you, Charles! Mrs. Selwyn was yesterday brought to bed of a son. I suppose you will be one of its sponsors, and must of course appear in *propria persona*. Mr. Selwyn is, you know, a formal divine, and will not admit of proxies.—I was sitting with him when the glad tidings of his son's birth were announced to him; he instantly rang his bell, and summoned all the servants who were not immediately attending on his lady, to prayers.—I attempted to retire, but he insisted upon my joining in thanksgiving for the birth of a male child, which he said was an happy event, let the parents be who they would.

You have made me as errant a scribbler as yourself, and I could go on in this sort of chit-chat way for a year together; but I have at present, a more important, though not a more pleasing occupation to pursue. My law-suit draws near a crisis, I must pore over musty records, and revise briefs, in which I shall use the utmost dispatch, as my Lucy is then to be my fee.—Adieu, my friend, till I can call you brother.

W. STANLEY.

LET-

## LETTER XVII.

CHARLES EVELYN.

TO

WILLIAM STANLEY.

**M**Y dear Stanley, I have seized upon the first minute's leisure I have been master of, to acquaint you with an unlucky affair that has just now happened, and which, like all other extraordinary events, will, I suppose, be aggravated in the repetition by a thousand falsehoods. To you, then, I commit the care of my fame upon this occasion; certain that you will exert the noblest quality of friendship in my favour, that of justifying an absent friend.

In order to make you thoroughly acquainted with this unfortunate business, I must entreat you to read over the inclosed story of Nancy Weston, which I wrote out some time ago as I received it from her own recital, intending it for your perusal.

## THE STORY OF MISS WESTON.

Her father died when she was about fourteen, and left to her and her mother, in money and effects, about seven hundred pounds. Her mother did not survive his loss above a year; and when dying, recommended her daughter to the care of a relation, who kept a milliner's shop in Tavistock-street.—With her, Nancy Weston lived

lived perfectly happy for two years, till she became acquainted with a young gentleman, whom she had often seen a school-boy at Winchester, though she had never spoken to him there.—He endeavoured to persuade her that he had been in love with her from her childhood, and used every art to gain her affections, and seduce her virtue.

In the first he succeeded but too well, but she continued proof against every temptation to become his mistress.—The only expedient then left to get her into his power, was to propose a marriage, which he accordingly offered ; and as they were both under age, a journey to Scotland was agreed upon.

They set off in the usual run-away mode ; but her lover had ordered the postillions to travel westward instead of northward, and when they arrived at Birmingham, he told her they were then at Berwick upon Tweed, and procured a person in the habit of a clergyman to perform the marriage ceremony.—The innocent girl had not the least suspicion of the deceit, and returned to London perfectly happy in the firm belief of her being legally married to the man she loved.

During their journey, both going and coming back, he had charged her whenever she was out of his sight, to keep a handkerchief close to her mouth, and not to utter a syllable to any of the maid-servants who attended her. This command she had punctually obeyed, though the caution was unnecessary ; for as she had no doubts, she would not have made any enquiries.

On

On their return to town, he took lodgings for her in a little street near Marybone, and told her that she must be contented to live in the utmost privacy and retirement, and by no means to assume his name, or reveal herself to her relation in Tavistock-street, as his father was living, and would certainly disinherit him if his marriage was discovered.—To these prudent restrictions she readily agreed, and spent a year almost in the closest confinement, hardly ever stirring out, but at a very early hour in the morning, or in the dusk of the evening.—During this period of time she lay in of a daughter, which increased her happiness, by affording her constant employment in suckling and attending her, and made the tedious hours of her husband's frequent absences, pass with less regret away.—

As soon as they were married, he possessed himself of the little fortune that her parents had left her, Mrs. Weston not having appointed any trustee, and the money being placed in the funds.—As his fondness abated, his supplies towards her declined, and she has frequently had no other subsistence for many days, than bread and tea.

In this inhuman manner did the monster continue to treat the unhappy girl for near two years; till at length, upon her venturing gently to remonstrate against his barbarity to his child and her, he informed her, that she was not any longer to consider herself as his wife, and openly confessed the deceit he had practised against her.

The

The wretched victim became senseless at the shock she received from this discovery, in which state he left her; and when she had recovered her reason, the woman of the house informed her, that the gentleman whom she had hitherto called her husband, had discharged the lodgings, and desired her not to give her any farther credit on his account, as he had turned her off, and was going abroad for three years.

Think, my dear Stanley, what the wretched Nancy Weston must have suffered at that instant, and then tell me if you think there is any punishment too severe to be inflicted upon the fiend who caused her sufferings?—The agonies of her mind drove her almost to despair, and had not her maternal tenderness prevailed over her sorrows, she would have terminated them and life together. But her child was innocent, was helpless, and was dear to her; and she virtuously resolved to struggle through every misery of life, to earn the means of its support.

She immediately stripped herself of every little valuable she possessed, in order to discharge her maid, and some other trifling debts which she owed in the neighbourhood. That done, she determined to remove as far from her present situation as possible, that she might not be reproached with the slander that her cruel husband had thrown upon her.

This left her little to carry with her, except her infant, which she took in her arms, to a two-roomed back-room that she hired in the Borough;

rough ; and then, making herself as decent as her scanty wardrobe would permit, she set out for Tavistock-street, to acquaint her relation with her melancholy circumstances, and intreat her to furnish her with work to enable her to subsist herself and her child. To complete her miseries, when she arrived at the house, she found it occupied by persons she did not know, and was informed that her cousin had been dead above a year before.

The elegance of her figure, and dejection of her countenance interested the woman of the shop so far, that she told her if the people in whose house she lodged, or any person of credit would be bound for her, she would take her into the house as an assistant, or furnish her with as much work as she could do.—The unhappy girl, knowing that she had no friend that would be responsible for her, burst into tears, thanked her, and withdrew.—The good woman's heart sympathizing with her distress, she recalled her, and said, for once she would trust to her skill in physiognomy, and require no security from her but her face, which she believed an honest one ; then gave her a capuchin to make.—And my poor Nancy returned home, with the pleasing and virtuous prospect of independence thro' the means of honest industry.

But misfortune was not inclined to relinquish its victim ; for as she returned over Westminster Bridge with hasty steps to succour her child, she was encompassed by a mob, who had secured a pick-pocket, and were going to administer the supplemental discipline, or common law of duck-  
ing,

ing, to the culprit. But as soon as she could get clear of this riotous assembly, she found, to her cost, that the ministers of justice are not always free from the very vices they correct; for one of this self-erected tribunal had cut off her pockets, in which was every farthing she possessed, and, what was still a far greater loss, the capuchin, which the compassionate prepossession of a generous mind had ventured to intrust her with.

On discovering her loss, the fiend was instantly at her elbow, tempting her to wait till the mob should be dispersed, and then throw herself into the Thames.—At that moment the cries of an infant struck her ear, and instantly awakened all the mother in her; almost frantic with grief, she turned her back upon the shocking scene, and with an agonizing heart reached her wretched home.

She recollected that she had a silk gown almost as good as new; it originally cost about five guineas, and she did not doubt but she should be able to sell it for three.—But there again she was disappointed, the harpies in Monmouth-street would not give her more than one guinea and a half for it, which she well knew would not pay for the materials of the capuchin she had lost.

At length, by stripping herself of almost the whole of her wearing apparel, she was enabled to raise the sum of three pounds, and went with it directly to her humane employer in Tavistock-street, who listened to her tale with seeming incredulity, said she was very sorry for her misfortune, but if she was subject to such accidents, she  
could

could not venture to furnish her with any more work. — She then received the full price for her silk, and dismissed her, giving her half a crown, and a vast deal of good advice against evil company and bad ways.

I will not dwell longer on the various scenes of wretchedness this poor creature passed thro', till her child fell ill of the small-pox, and then all her former woes were swallowed up in her tender apprehension for its little life.—During its illness, she parted with even the common necessities of raiment she had left, and denied herself food to administer to its sustenance. Her fond maternal cares were all in vain, Providence was pleased to take her little darling, she submitted with resignation to its loss, when she reflected on the evils that must necessarily await it.

Life was now become a load that she determined to lay down, but there needed no act of violence to hasten her dissolution; famine and grief had seized upon her heart, and in a few hours she would perhaps have resigned her gentle spirit into His hand who gave it, had she been permitted to sigh it out in peace.

But the woman in whose house she had lodged for a month, was now perfectly convinced of her inability to pay, and therefore demanded her rent in the most boisterous terms, and threatened to send her immediately to gaol, upon her non-compliance. The being a prisoner, was the only species of calamity she had not yet experienced; her mind was impressed with horror at the idea,  
and

and whilst her worse than savage landlady went out to seek a constable, she stole softly out of the house, and fled she knew not whither.— Providence directed her steps to the Park, in that auspicious moment that I met her, which I shall always consider as one of the most fortunate events of my life. Here ends her little history—and now for mine.—

In my last I told you, that I meant to settle this poor friendless creature in partnership with a chamber-milliner of good repute.— In consequence of this design, Nancy Weston came to me yesterday morning, to talk over the little plan of business, and adjust all matters relative to it.— Be it observed, that she never had once named the person to whom she had been married, nor had I ever asked it—delicacy prevented my making any enquiry, when she first told me her story, lest my curiosity might be misconstrued into a suspicion of her veracity; and my contempt for a man who I supposed could never come across me, made me decline the renewal of a subject which must give her pain.— This, upon my honour, is truth.

As I said before, she was sitting with me when I heard a bustle upon the stairs, between Capt. Williams and Scipio, the former insisting, in a laughing tone, that he would come up. She started at the sound of the voice, but when he threw open the door of the room where we sat, she cried out, O my husband!—and sunk senseless on the ground.

Williams

Williams gazed upon her, with a countenance where rage and contempt seemed equally mingled.—Then turning to me, who was just then raising his unhappy wife in my arms, he said, You need not, Sir, have made a secret to me of your connection with that infamous woman, I have long cast her off, and it is natural to suppose she has passed thro' many hands before she came into yours.—But beware, Mr. Evelyn, of repeating any forged tale she may tell you, of a sham marriage, and such stuff; for I will not have my character traduced, and remember I have put you on your guard.

My astonishment had almost deprived me of the power of speech, but Williams's insolence quickly restored it.—I replied, Sir, this roof, which I wish you to quit instantly, is your present protection, but whenever I speak of you, I shall talk of a scoundrel, and wherever I meet you, I will treat you like one.

His wife had by this time thrown herself at his feet, from whence he spurned her, and, rushing into my bed-chamber, snatched up one of my pistols, which lay upon a table.—I was lucky enough to seize his arm, before he could discharge it; but in the struggle between us, it went off, and wounded himself in the left side.—The report of the pistol alarmed the family, and in less than five minutes my apartment was crowded with persons of all ranks and denominations, whose curiosity seemed so much more prevalent than their humanity, that they neither

ther thought of sending for a surgeon for the wounded person, nor of offering any assistance to his wife, who lay fainting upon the ground by his side.

Scipio, upon seeing that I was safe, leaped for joy, and then ran for Mr. Lester; Williams was put into my bed; I committed Mrs. Williams, for so I shall henceforth call her, to the care of my landlady, and set out, in company with Mr. Herbert, and my quondam friend Sewell, who arrived at Bath three days ago, to relate this accident to the mayor. The usual forms being complied with, these gentlemen became bail for my appearance, as I could not think of asking Mrs. Williams to give her testimony upon this occasion to acquit me, and her husband has not uttered a single word since he received the wound. However, Mr. Lester says he hopes he shall be able to extract the ball, and he will then be in a fair way of recovery. If with his health he recovers the right use of his reason, and reviews his past life with contrition, I shall rejoice in his restoration; if not, I shall by no means lament the extinction of such a wretch from society.

I have had a message from Miss Harrison, desiring to see me. The moment I have sealed this I shall attend her.—I fear it will be an unpleasant interview.

I think you will give me credit for being heartily tired of writing.—I fear you will believe it feelingly.

I fin-

I sincerely wish success to your lawsuit ; and  
am, with love to all you love, ever yours,  
C. EVELYN.

# LETTER XVIII.

CHARLES EVELYN,  
TO  
WILLIAM STANLEY.

York.

**I** Have seen her, Stanley! the arbitress of my fate ; and it is irrecoverably fixed that I am to be unhappy. — Sewell informed me that Lady Juliana was certainly at her late husband's seat at Harley-hill. — I set out on the instant, but I have not time to acquaint you with the particulars of our interview, as I have only snatched up the pen while the horses were putting to my chaise, in order to retrace the horrid cross roads I have travelled from Bath hither.

An express is this moment arrived from Sewell, to acquaint me, that Williams is not likely to recover, and expresses the most impatient desire to see me. — I feel that I shall be sorry for his death, “ though it comes not near my conscience.”

I have not been in bed these three nights. — What should I do there ? rest has forsaken my pillow ! I am more in love, more distracted, and more wretched, than any mortal out of the pur-  
lieus of Bedlam. Adieu,

C. EVELYN.

LET-

## LETTER XIX.

LADY JULIANA HARLEY,

TO

MISS LUCY EVELYN.

Harley-hill.

**T**HE so much dreaded interview is over ; I have seen your unhappy brother.—Do not think me inhuman, Lucy, when I say that I hope never to see him more.—It is my tenderness, and not my cruelty that dictates this fervent aspiration.

I was just returned from taking the air with Miss Harley, who has been here this fortnight, and was retired to dress, when a chaise drove up to the door, and I was informed a gentleman desired to see me. As Watson was at that time combing my hair, I requested Miss Harley to step into the drawing-room, and make my apologies for a few minutes.—She returned almost on the instant, screaming out, it is the ghost of Evelyn.

The likeness between your brothers immediately occurred to me ; at once accounted for her mistake, and acquainted me with the name of my visitor ; I quieted her fears of an apparition, and begged her to return to the drawing-room.—I was seized with an universal tremor, and when Watson had hurried on my cloaths, I found myself unable to walk or stand, and desired that Mr. Evelyn might be shewn into the dressing-room.

As

As he approached me, I made a vain effort to rise, and I thought we appeared like two criminals, who waited a sentence which they dreaded to receive.—Before I could prevent him, he threw himself at my feet, and entreated my pardon for having broken in on my retirement, and said, he had great reason to fear that he was the unhappy cause of my secluding myself from the world. (Ah, Lucy! have you betrayed me?) I told him, with great sincerity, that retirement was by no means disagreeable to me, and that it was so long since I had been engaged in the gaiety of London, that I feared I should make but an indifferent figure there.

He said many civil things in answer, which I shall not repeat, and proceeded to avow his passion for me in the tenderest terms. I would have interrupted him, but he implored me to give him a patient hearing; declaring, that if I persisted in declining his addresses, he would immediately quit England, his family and friends, and never more disturb the happiness he so sincerely wished me. I was affected, even to tears; his looks, his manner, nay his voice pierced to my heart, and recalled the kindred image of one who will ever survive there.—I would erase this passage, were I writing to any other person breathing.—But let it go, I scorn disguise with thee.

I then told him, that I was highly sensible of the honour he did me, that I had not the least doubt of the sincerity of his regard, and therefore would not trifle with his passion, but candidly

candidly inform him that there was a bar, an everlasting bar between us, which could not be removed.—But that if my promising never to enter into those engagements with any other person, which I declined with him, could make him happy, he might depend upon my word; provided he would, in return, give up the thoughts of abandoning his country, family and friends, on my account, but endeavour to conquer his ill-placed passion, and never speak to me upon the unhappy subject more.

He said, he had already bound himself to abide by my decision, tho' misery should be his doom; but that he would by no means consent to my becoming a sacrifice to a wretch, whom he was sure I detested, tho' compassion for his sufferings might incline me to so generous a proposal, and that all he could do in return was, with humility to reject the offer, and to rid me of his hated presence, for that he never could subscribe to a falsehood, by saying he could see me and cease to love.

He turned his head aside, to hide the manly drops that filled his eyes, wiped them away, gazed on me for an instant, gave a deep sigh, and, bowing, left me.

I cannot describe the situation of my mind at that instant, tears luckily came to my relief, and when Miss Harley came into my dressing-room, I appeared more like a forsaken, than a cruel mistress.—She triumphed in my distress, and sneer-

ing, said, What, are you always to weep for an Evelyn?—

I shall conclude this tedious letter, with entreating, that Mrs. Selwyn, Lady Desmond and you will exert your utmost influence over Mr. Evelyn, to prevail on him not to quit England. Believe me, my dear Lucy, I am perfectly contented to remain where I am, the gay scenes you describe have no charms for me; or, if they had, much rather would I deprive myself of them, and even your loved society, than rob you of your brother.—Adieu, my chearful, happy friend! long may you continue so, fervently wishes your affectionate

J. HARLEY.

## LETTER XX.

MISS EVELYN

TO

LADY JULIANA HARLEY.

**W**HY surely since the days of Cassandra and Oroondates, and such other silly gentlemen and ladies of absurd memory, there never was, and I hope never will be, such a pair of ridiculous noodles as Lady Juliana Harley and Charles Evelyn.

Whilst I read your letter, my face was like an April sky, half cloud, half sunshine. — I could have laughed, but that I was vexed; and I could have cried, but that I was angry.

Fye

Fye Charles ! I hate your weeping men, yet I don't know why ; their tears affect one more than those of our own sex. But what business have I to reason about such nonsense ? I am sure it will never be in my power to make Stanley cry, though I think I should like mightily to see him pout first, and then blubber ; for he has not a good crying face, and I am certain I should laugh at him.

And so because your ladyship, for what reason I cannot tell, does not happen to like my poor unfortunate brother, he, forsooth, must transport himself into some foreign country, and you must remain locked up with that spiteful old Sybil, your sister-in-law, in your impenetrable fortress at Harley-hill — Ridiculous ! as if there was not room enough for you and Charles Evelyn to dwell in this great city without ever meeting for twenty years endways ; and I'll warrant you, by that time, that if you should chance to knock your heads together, you will not tremble, nor he weep, unless the concussion should happen to be violent indeed.

Thank you, Lady Juliana ! you are vastly good indeed, to confess your passion for my poor dead brother, in order to excuse your cruelty to my poor living one. — But I will not accept of such cold confidence.

Tell me, thou little sly one ! who is the present possessor of your heart ? or I shall certainly persuade myself that it has been captivated by

some Yorkshire squire, that you are ashamed of your choice, and therefore make a merit of

“ Living in shades with him, and love alone.”

I like that idea well enough, and I fancy I could be romantic if I would give myself time, but I have not leisure——

“ And shew me to the company”

must serve my turn.

We have had rare doings at our house.——

A son and heir born to the noble family of the Selwyns! and how do you think we have testified our joy upon this occasion? neither by dancing, singing, or any other act of festivity, I assure you; but by wearing out our knees, and my poor sister's spirits, in praying by her bedside, twice a-day at least.

But to abate my spirits upon this joyful event, Lady Desmond writes me word that Sir James does not chuse to come to London this winter, and she, like a gentle turtle as she is, prefers the leafless woods of Delville with her Caro Sposo, to all the delights of this gay city without him! —By the way, their house has been aired and ready to receive them this month past.—I have a great mind to take possession of it, and set up for myself.—If I don't do that, I must absolutely marry Stanley, that I may be able to go a little into the world, for I am quite weary of waiting for a *chaperon*,

Well!

Well! if I do marry, I will shew you all the difference; my whole time shall be spent in matronizing young ladies, unmarried ones I mean. —Poor things, they are much to be pitied; for even a damsel of threescore, who has never had an husband, must not venture into a public place, unless she can persuade some good-natured married girl, who might perhaps be her granddaughter, to let her tag after her.'

Poor Charles! I will beg of him when I see him not to transport himself; but transportation is better than hanging, and I think, as a despairing lover, he is bound in honour to do something of that sort.

Once more I intreat you, if you have either love or regard for me, to leave your musty castle, and come amongst us; I have a very particular reason for desiring it; Stanley has got a verdict in his favour, he grows importunate, I fear I must yield: like all bullies, I feel myself a coward, and shall never be able to keep up my spirits on the tremendous occasion, if you do not lend your assistance. — The very idea has sunk me to the centre. I can no more, but adieu,

LUCY EVELYN.

## LETTER XXI.

WILLIAM STANLEY

TO

CHARLES EVELYN.

My dear Charles,

**I** HAVE received both your letters, and am sincerely concerned for the very disagreeable situation you are in.

With regard to William's accident, you are by no means accountable for it. — But had your hand directed the bullets which were lodged, in his side, after reading Nancy Weston's story, I should not only have acquitted, but applauded you, for ridding the world of such a monster. — But as I think his blood wou'd stain any hands but those of an executioner, I am glad he has done justice on himself; particularly as our legislature have not assigned a punishment for crimes like his, tho' to the full as fatal in their consequences, as any of those for which men suffer death.

My indignation and pity were both extremely moved, whilst I perused your little novel, such wou'd I fain think it, for the honour of human nature. — But facts are stubborn things, and I must, tho' unwillingly, submit to be ranked of the same species, with a villain who cou'd first rob his wife, and then leave her and his child to perish.

Though

Though I wou'd by no means have advised your pursuing Lady Juliana to her retreat, I congratulate you on the conclusion of your romance; for surely my friend will now exert himself to conquer a passion, which he must own it wou'd be the height of folly to indulge any further.

*My Lucy*, for proudly do I now look up to a possession of that title, dearer far than crowns, has received a long letter from your cruel fair-one; as yet, she keeps the contents of it secret, but as I hope the day is not far off, when we shall be but one, I may possibly be acquainted with the particulars of your interview, without putting you to the pain of relating them; and believe me, Charles, the less you think, talk, or write, upon this subject, the better. — We all help to engrave our misfortunes on our hearts, by bearing them constantly in mind, and recurring back to them daily, as if we were incapable of turning our thoughts to any other subject.

The report of Williams's accident has not yet made its way into Clarges-street, and you may assure yourself I shall not be the first to promulgate the intelligence for many and good reasons. — Heavens! how would Selwyn preach, and how terrified would your sisters be? — The few persons I have heard mention the affair, have been candid enough to suppose that the pistol went off by accident, but they all believe, that jealousy of a favourite mistress, was the occasion of his snatching it up.

Fear not my friendship, Charles, upon this, or any other occasion, tho' I both hope and believe this is the only one, I shall ever have to prove it. — You know I allow but two tests of this generous affection, the not hearing one's friend abused, and the sharing one's purse with him. — You must be a spendthrift indeed, if you shou'd ever have recourse to mine. — Yet, I have some apprehensions of your exhausting your own, if you continue to supply Sir James Desmond's necessities, which I hear and fear to be very great. There are no limits to a gamester's wants, or a miser's wishes, and prudence should restrain us from casting wealth into a bottomless pit.

If you did not know my heart to be as generous as your own, I would not venture to speak thus freely, but the large drafts you have lately made in favour of Sir James Desmond, have alarmed my friendship so far, as to make me wish to awaken your discretion.

I suppose that Sewell is come to follow his laudable vocation at Bath, as there was nothing left for him to prey upon at Delville. — I cannot help it, Charles, but I detest that man.

I give you joy, my friend, of my success; I have obtained a verdict, and shall immediately be put into possession of a fortune sufficient to gratify every honest wish of the human heart. — May my Lucy add value to its worth, by deigning to accept the full enjoyment of it.

I impati-

I impatiently wish to hear of your safe return  
to Bath,

And am most truly yours,  
W. STANLEY.

L E T T E R XXII.

C H A R L E S E V E L Y N,  
T O  
W I L L I A M S T A N L E Y.

Bath.

**M**Y spirits have been kept in so constant an agitation for some time past, by the disagreeable scenes I have been engaged in, that I know not whether I have recollection sufficient to describe them to you. — However I will strive to methodize my thoughts, and begin by recurring back to my interview with Miss Harrison.

I found her pale, trembling, and in tears. — As I entered the room, she cried out, O Sir! what is become of Captain Williams?

In as few words as possible I related to her the cause of the unhappy accident that happened at my lodgings, and when I mentioned his marriage with Nancy Weston, she fell upon her knees, and exclaimed — Great Author of all good! accept my thanks, and withdraw not thy protecting providence from the being thou hast saved from the complicated misery of adding guilt to the sinner's soul, and sorrow to the wretched and innocent sufferer! — This day, Sir, I was to

Have been made his wife, by such another marriage, I suppose, as was his first. — The chaise now waits within an hundred yards that was to have carried my maid and me to Bristol, where he was to have met us with a clergyman, a friend of his, who, as we were both of age, would have dispensed with what he called the unnecessary formality of a licence, and married us in private.

I most sincerely congratulated this amiable girl upon the providential escape she had met with, in not being united to Captain Williams, even though his intentions towards her might have been strictly honourable, if that were possible in his present circumstances, and which, without want of charity, I think I may reasonably doubt.

She appeared extremely affected at Mrs. Williams's distress, said she hoped her husband would recover to do justice to her merit, and reward her sufferings, but that she never would upon any account see him more, for she could not help owning that she had loved him tenderly. — She talked of quitting Bath immediately. — As a friend, I took the liberty of opposing her intention, and advised her not only to remain where she was, but to appear as little affected as possible at the misfortune that had befallen her worthless lover. — She thanked me for my advice, and promised to follow it as far as she might be able.

The moment I left Miss Harrison, I set off in pursuit of my destiny, — you know it Stanley. — Fear not that I shall ever attempt to describe the scene that passed between Lady Juliana and me.

— No

— No words will ever be able to express my feelings, nor no time to erase them from my heart.

— Yet let me boast her tenderness, and tell you, that she wept for your unhappy friend! — tears do not flow from hatred, — angels tears are tears of pity. — Whilst I have life I will cherish the fond remembrance of her gentle sorrow. — Do not chide me Stanley. — The only glimpse I have of happiness is the being certain, that she does not hate me. —

At my return hither, I found Williams in a very dangerous state, the surgeons had extracted but one of the balls, and he wou'd not suffer them to proceed any farther, till I was present, as he seemed to be persuaded that he should die in the operation. I went immediately to his bedside, he was in a high fever, but perfectly in his senses, and his countenance expressive of the extremest anguish. — He took me by the hand, and said, Can you forgive the anxiety I have cost you, and look with compassion on a wretch who is now expiating his crimes by the severest torments.

I assured him, that I sincerely lamented the accident that had reduced him to such a situation, and most truly compassionated his sufferings, but that I thought they might be relieved, if he wou'd suffer the surgeons to perform the necessary operation of extracting the other ball. — He answered, No — they cannot ease my pains — that wretched woman. — But I own myself accountable for all her crimes, and they sit heavy at my heart.

heart. — She was innocent when I met with her, —and is so still, upon my honour. — I replied, her sufferings are all you have to answer for, and they, indeed, have been great. — But were I now even at the point of death, I wou'd attest her innocence with my latest words. — I have known all her miseries, but by all that is sacred, she is free from guilt of any kind. — He wept aloud — and with difficulty articulated — then I am still a greater villain.

I told him I rejoiced in his contrition, as he yet had it in his power in some measure to atone the crimes he had committed, by doing justice to his unhappy wife. — He remained silent for some time, then groaned most heavily, — and said, — let me see her — but can she bear the sight of him who would have murdered her? I caught the pistol up with an intent to kill her. — But Providence directed the wound to my own guilty heart. — But all my crimes will be atoned by death, — for never shall this bullet leave my side. — I do not wish to live, life wou'd be hateful to me. — Miss Harrison! I have injured her too — believe me, she is a virtuous woman, Evelyn.

I replied, I do believe it most sincerely. — But do not wander from your present purpose. — Your mind will be much easier, when you have seen your wife. He gazed upon me with a piercing look, and said, you are a man of honour, and cou'd not be so base as to deceive a dying man. You say my wife is guiltless, free from stain. — Then let her come, and pardon her cruel husband.

husband. — I repeated every solemn assurance that I could give him of her blameless conduct, with which he seemed perfectly satisfied, and I went to bring her to his bed-side.

I found her in the dining-room from whence she had scarcely stirred, from the time I left her. In her situation it was impossible her mind cou'd feel repose, or her body rest. She appeared to me even a more melancholy object, than when I met her in the Park ; her eyes were swoln with tears, and her face pale and emaciated. When I told her that her husband desired to see her, she said it was impossible, she dared not, cou'd not look upon the man she had murdered, nor cou'd she ever more know peace or comfort.

With much difficulty I reasoned down her groundless apprehensions, of having caused his death, and led, or rather supported her trembling feeble frame to his bed-side ; she dropped upon her knees, and I retired quick from a scene that was by much too interesting for my present state of mind.

In about an hour's time he sent for me ; he appeared much more composed than when I left him, but still in extreme agony. — He begged I would consult his surgeon, and let him know his real state, for he had much to do, and he believed but a very short space to get it done. — He promised to submit to any operation that shou'd be thought necessary to save his life, and thanked me a thousand times for the gleam of peace which I had given to his torn mind.

Imme-

I immediately summoned a consultation of all the physical people of eminence at Bath, but they wou'd not venture to pronounce, with any degree of certainty, till a further experiment had been made to come at the ball.

I acquainted him with their opinions, and begged of him to let the trial be instantly made, but he peremptorily refused to submit to it, till twelve o'clock to-morrow, as he said he had still more important affairs to execute than that. He desired a proper person might be sent for to draw his will, and entreated me to obtain a licence, and get a clergyman to marry him in due form, at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, to his present nominal wife. He also most earnestly requested me to wait upon Miss Harrisou, and implore her forgiveness of an unhappy dying man, who never cou'd forgive himself.

Need I tell you that I have been strongly affected with Williams's contrition? I most sincerely pray that he may live to enjoy the fruits of his repentance, and by his future conduct, obliterate his past. — I have obeyed all his commands, and am at present so completely harassed both in mind and body, that I must decline entering into the particulars of your letter, till another opportunity.

I shall be present at Williams's marriage, and at the dressing of his wounds to-morrow, but I much fear that I shall see him in his wedding, and his winding sheet at once.

Adieu!

C. EVELYN.  
L E T.

## LETTER XXIII.

CHARLES EVELYN  
TO  
WILLIAM STANLEY.

**I**T is all over with poor Williams! A mortification had begun some hours before the time that his surgeons were appointed.—He was sensible of his situation by the perfect ease he enjoyed, and intreated their humanity not to torture him in vain. He bore the certainty of his approaching dissolution with the utmost calmness, and spent the few hours that were allotted him in imploring the forgiveness of heaven, and his injured wife.—He has bequeathed four hundred pounds a-year to Mrs. Williams, for now she is entitled to that name, according to all the forms of law.—He has left an hundred guineas to be laid out in a ring for Miss Harrison, on which is to be enamelled the word *Beware*—and has appointed me his residuary legatee.

I staid by him the whole day and night, and about four o'clock this morning he expired.—I will not pain you or myself with a description of his melancholy exit.—I do not think his widow will survive him long. — Though he has acquitted me in the fullest and handsomest manner of his death, I am advised to take my trial at the ensuing assizes, as the lawyers here inform me that if I avoid doing so, I shall always be liable to a prosecution, which may, at some time or other,  
be

be commenced against me from malice. — I must desire you will consult the ablest lawyers in London upon this occasion, and let me have their opinions. — My mind is oppressed with an uncommon gloom—death is a tremendous subject of contemplation, when we view it near — seen in perspective only, we cast a transient glance, and turn our eyes away. — Perhaps it would disrobe the spectre of his terrors, were we to look more frequently and steadily upon it.

But these reflections are out of season to a joyful heart; long may it be before one pang of sorrow shall find entrance there! May Lucy soon increase your happiness, by sharing it, and may it remain as uninterrupted as the sincere friendship of

C. EVELYN.

## LETTER XXIV.

LADY DESMOND

TO

CHARLES EVELYN.

**M**Y dearest Charles, I have read in some *good* author, that generosity and gratitude are twins, who have never been separated, but always subsist in the same heart. — In yours, then, my brother, you will find the sentiments of mine; sentiments which can only be felt, but never expressed: or if they could, the sensation would still remain as unintelligible to the bulk of human-kind as the idea of a sixth sense.

You

You will perhaps be surprized when I tell you that I have shed more tears this last week, than I have for many months before.

“ But joy has its tears as well as grief,  
 “ And mine were tears of joy.”

There would be no enduring the transport of conferring happiness on those we love, without that kind relief.—Surely, my brother, you must have wept yourself when you made Emma happy.

I think myself much obliged to Mr. Sewell for the dispatch he made from Bath to Delville with your bills. Every thing here now wears a cheerful aspect; and I fancy as I look upon the lawn, that it has acquired a brighter verdure than it used to wear, even in the spring. — But though this idea may be imaginary, I am certain that my beloved Sir James has cast away the gloom that hung upon his brow, and the soft smiles of sweet content now reign triumphant there. I think he was even more oppressed with gratitude than me, when I delivered your generous gift into his hands.—He is gone to London to fulfil the purpose for which it was designed.

We shall now have no more creditors, for sure I am that he will never more involve himself by play.—Though at this time I could not bring myself to hint even the most distant desire he should relinquish it; but well he knows how ardently I wish he should, and as he loves me with the utmost tenderness, I cannot doubt his giving me this proof of his affection.

Mr.

Mr. Sewell is gone with Sir James to London, and I am to follow in a fortnight.—Sir James thinks our house cannot be sufficiently aired in less time, and would not have me, or our dear little Fanny, run the hazard of catching cold.—I have a thousand apprehensions about his health, and earnestly wish that he could have been content to pass the winter here as we had intended.

Mr. Sewell has informed me that you had paid a visit to Lady Juliana Harley; he could not tell me what was the result, though I guess it but too well, from his saying that you appeared dejected at your return. — Why will you court unhappiness by pursuing perhaps the only woman within your sphere of life that would fly from you? Blest as you are with virtue, health, and fortune, why must you add to the too numerous proofs, that happiness is not attainable on earth?

Forgive me, Charles, this little opposition to your only irrational pursuit.—Few are the persons, even amongst the best, within whose reach felicity seems placed; all must deserve before they can obtain it, but even then we sometimes cast it from us, and, like Ixion, grasp a cloud.—May you reverse the fable, and long enjoy what you so well deserve! My little Fanny's playful fondness will not suffer me longer to indulge in expressing the ardent wishes of my heart for my loved friend and brother, but from that source they shall for ever flow to the Great Fountain of all good, to bless, protect, and guide you!

Your grateful,

E. DESMOND.

## LETTER XXV.

CHARLES EVELYN

TO

LADY DESMOND.

**I** Sincerely wish that my dear Emma's nerves were a little stronger, for though I confess myself extremely pleased with the tenderness of your letter, I for your sake, lament the sensibility which dictated it.—This is not a world for delicate minds to be happy in.

“Nor peace, nor ease, that heart can know,

“That like the needle true,

“Turns at the touch of joy or woe,

“But turning, trembles too.”

There never was a sentiment more elegantly expressed.—I would rather have been the author of that single stanza, than of a dozen volumes of poetry; nay, and of good poetry too. But why, my Emma, will you distress me by talking of gratitude? Of what value is wealth if it does not enable us to purchase happiness? and to diffuse is to enjoy it; the greatest miser upon earth cannot confine his possessions solely to himself; nor can the most luxurious man that lives, appropriate to his own use the tithe of what he dissipates.—He who bestows, preserves his property; a gift once made cannot be lessened; it is a fund established in a grateful heart, which even the great destroyer, Time, cannot impair.

But

But holding riches lightly as I do, I would not wish that mine should flit away on the gross pinions of *Folly* or of *Vice* : I therefore intreat you to exert all the influence you have over your beloved Sir James, to prevail on him to conquer a passion that must come under one or other of *those* denominations. — You must know that I mean his love of play.

Yet I approve of your delicacy in not mentioning the subject at a time when it might have appeared like making conditions for what he thought a favour ; and indeed I should be better pleased if he were voluntarily to renounce gaming, than if he sacrificed his inclination even to your request.

One of those harpies whom I saw at Delville, a Mr. Simpson, has I hear lost large sums of money here.—I am glad Sir James is not near enough to assist in repairing his losses.—I think Mr. Sewell a worthy, and I may add, a sensible man, as he has had prudence enough to relinquish gaming. — He professes the sincerest regard for both you and your husband.—However I think I have a little reason to chide, that he should inform me of Sir James's difficulties. — Was he more worthy of my Emma's confidence than I ?

I am very glad to hear you are going to London ; dissipation, contrary to its usual effects, will be of infinite service to you. The generality of public entertainments which are frequented by persons of rank, are calculated entirely to amuse the senses ; the heart has nothing to do with them

them, and of course insensibly retires within itself ; its feelings lie dormant, its sensibility becomes obtuse, and I am apt to think that persons who live in a constant circle of dissipation, do not know that they have an heart. — But as I am by no means apprehensive that you are likely to forget that part of your anatomy, I shall be glad the little flutterer should repose for a time, in the *apatby* of what is so falsely stiled pleasure.

I hope you will be time enough in town, to be present at our dear Lucy's wedding.—I wish you could contrive to call upon me in your journey, it will not be much out of your road, and if we do not meet here, it may be very long before we do.

I thank you for the tender concern you express for me, on account of my unhappy passion ; it is the only subject on which I would not listen to my Emma's advice.—But remember, my sister—“ They never knew to love, that knew to change ;” and be assured, that no other woman can ever make the slightest impression upon the heart of your sincerely affectionate brother,

C. EVELYN.

LET-

## LETTER XXVI.

GEORGE SEWELL

TO

JOHN SIMPSON.

**W**HAT the devil could prevent you, Jack, from meeting us at Salisbury? Do you know that the baronet has been very near slipping through our hands, and that at the very time when he is best worth our holding? Why, man, we have found a mine, the treasures of the East lie before us; Evelyn's whole fortune may be ours; Lady Desmond has got a key to his purse, out of which she will certainly fill her husband's, and we the gallant knights of industry will as surely empty it.

But to explain this mystery. We were all in a doleful way, when you, like a false friend, left us at Delville. Not a shilling to be raised, not a stake left unmortgaged but my lady's jointure, and the baronet swore he would perish rather than rob his wife. The intended journey to London was entirely laid aside, and they were to pass the winter *solus cum sola*.—He grew grave and peevish; she retained her usual gentle cheerfulness: upon my soul, Jack, she is a very amiable woman, and I am really glad we did not meddle with the jointure; particularly as we can now do very well without it.

It was impossible for me to think of remaining in such a dull scene, where I knew there was  
nothing

nothing to be got, so I made a few wry faces at table, talked of a flying gout, and set out to drink the Bath water, which, like the Irish usquebaugh, has always a little gold floating in it, which may be easily extracted by such ingenious chymists as you and I.

To my great joy one of the first persons I met with there, was the prudent and sensible Mr. Charles Evelyn.—I had, you know, ingratiated myself into his good opinion at Delville, by advising Sir James Desmond against play, and I resolved to strengthen his prepossession, by declaring that I had entirely left it off myself.—That was a stroke beyond you, Simpson.—I was fortunate enough to be able to acquaint him with the place of his Dulcinea's retreat, which he considered as a real obligation.—There has not been such a Quixote in England these fifty years.—Before he set out on his wildgoose chase, I took occasion to mention the distressed situation of the Desmond family, but under the seal of secrecy, as I told him I knew the baronet's pride would never suffer him to reveal the consequences of that misconduct, he now so sincerely repented of.—I talked in raptures of Lady Desmond's virtues, and swore that Sir James and she would be the happiest couple on earth if their circumstances were tolerably easy.—The gudgeon bit, and immediately asked me what sum I thought would relieve Sir James from his present difficulties? I hesitated to pronounce, but upon being pressed, said I imagined four or five thousand pounds

pounds would discharge all his impatient creditors, though I well knew that thrice that sum would not extricate him.

The idiot Evelyn, whom I suppose to be as rich as the Great Mogul, sat down directly and drew drafts for six thousand pounds in favour of Sir James Desmond, and as soon as they returned accepted, consigned them to my *friendly* care, to be delivered into the hands of his fair sister.—And am I not a friend, indeed! for I don't expect above half this sum to roll into your pocket or mine?

Both Sir James and Lady Desmond were strongly affected at this proof of Evelyn's generosity; and the former was very near making a vow never to play again.—I trembled lest his wife should have strengthened his wavering resolution, by making it her request; but if she had, I would have laid five to three against any promise that Sir James could make; for a man may as easily be cured of the hydrophobia, as of an itch for gaming.—All I feared was, that he might get into other hands, and therefore wrote to you to meet and accompany us to London; for to be sure if he was not an egregious gull, he must be surprized at our *constant* good luck.

I contrived, as I wrote you word, that we should lye at Salisbury.—After supper, the baronet seemed pensive, I pushed about the bottle, and expected he would call for cards, but he yawned, and talked of going to bed—On which I stept out of the room, and returned in  
a moment

a moment with a box and dice, and proposed taking a cast or two, merely to amuse the time, for silver.—He could not resist the dear temptation, and that jilt fortune, and my own negligence, in not having a die in my pocket, turned against me, and I lost an hundred guineas.—But *tant mieux*, say I, 'tis a good bait, and will catch thousands.—The baronet exulted violently, as all those fellows do that are not used to win.—I congratulated him on the change of his luck, said Fortune was certainly weary of persecuting him, and that it was highly probable he would recover all his former losses.—He smiled at the idea, and went to bed in high spirits.

We did not get to town till late last night, and then parted; this day he dines with his brother-in-law Selwyn, and has desired me to meet him in the evening at his own house.—I have accepted the invitation, and shall go properly prepared. In my next I hope to give you a good account of him, or his money, which is a much better thing.—I am sorry you are not here; we must strike while the iron is hot, and rescue his dear guineas from falling into the hands of “odious vulgar tradesmen,” as Lady Townley says.

I hope you are successful at Bath, though there is danger there of meeting with your match; and give me leave to say, you are not qualified for such an encounter:—you lose your temper with your money, and know not how to retire with the easy gentleman-like *sang froid* of yours.

G. SEWELL.

L E T T E R XXVII.  
L A D Y J U L I A N A H A R L E Y  
T O  
M I S S E V E L Y N.

**Y**ES, my Lucy! I will hasten to your relief, or rather to my own.—Miss Harley's ill temper has rendered this place so hateful to me, that I can no longer abide in't.

Surely there is a fatality that attends the meeting of an Evelyn and an Harley.—From the moment that your brother left this house, she has treated me with the utmost asperity.—She says she is certain that the whole race of Evelyns are idiots, or that I must have given them philtres.—But it is they, not me, who have the art of fascination, for this poor lady is become enamoured by a single glance of your brother.—Perhaps the sudden fright she received from the strong resemblance between him and the lamented Henry, has occasioned this extraordinary prepossession;—though love is by no means the offspring of fear.—But no matter for the cause, the effects have been dreadful to me, and I am resolved to withdraw myself from them as quickly as possible.

Heaven knows that this poor sinking heart of mine needs not to have its sorrows aggravated.—'Tis true, my Lucy, that your brother and I are not under an absolute necessity of meeting, yet surely unless he or I relinquish the enjoyment of your society, we cannot well avoid it.—Justice  
and

and reason ordain that I should make the sacrifice; and what a desert will London be to me deprived of your sweet converse?

On the approaching, I hope, happy event of your changing your name—"O name, for ever "sad, for ever dear!"—I beg if Mr. Evelyn should be in London, that his presence may be considered as more essential on that occasion than mine.—My Lucy does but jest when she talks of terrors at giving her hand where she has long since bestowed her heart.—Though I will allow that even thus happily circumstanced, there is something extremely awful in the marriage contract, to a sensible and delicate mind. I have often wondered, where those very young ladies, who elope from their families and friends, have found resolution sufficient to support themselves through that solemn ceremony. But think what she endures, who is compelled to make a "joyless, loveless vow!"

I purpose being in London, by this day fortnight, but let me conjure you not to delay Mr. Stanley's happiness, upon my account; your sister Selwyn, whom I sincerely congratulate, will support your spirits, and to say truth, my Lucy, I would rather be excused from being present at a ceremony, where love, hope and joy should fill each chearful heart.—These charming sensations have, alas! been long banished from mine, and the only pleasing one which now inhabits there, is the affectionate regard with which, I am most truly yours,

J. HARLEY.

F 2

L E T-

## LETTER XXVIII.

MISS EVELYN

TO

LADY JULIANA HARLEY.

**T**HANK you, my good Miss Harley, with all my heart, for having been able to effect, by the pure dint of a diabolical disposition, what all the earnest entreaties of Lady Juliana's *favourite friend* had solicited in vain. Old adages have always been highly esteemed by me, for I firmly believe our ancestors were wiser than the present generation, and the *needs must*, I shall henceforth look upon as an oracular truth—I ask ten thousand pardons, thou departed spirit of Chesterfield, for having ventured to quote an old proverb against your injunction.

I am delighted at the idea of Miss Harley's falling in love by a *coup d' œil*, and shall certainly congratulate Charles on his conquest. Dry wood is more apt to take fire, than when 'tis green, we all know, but why the deuce came Miss *Touchwood*, to make such a smoke and pother?—I never knew but one person, besides Miss Harley, whose temper was not softened by love; she poor dear was a middle-aged Lady also, and the sonder she grew of her lover, the more spiteful she became to all the rest of the world.—But various are the effects of the same disease, upon the human body, and as various are the effects of the self-same passion upon the human mind.—

mind.—I think that last a good-pretty philosophical sort of a sentence.—'Tis poetical, at least.

And so, my dear Lady, you are pleased to say, that I do but jest, when I talk of terrors in regard to a certain event, and in the very next line you kindly allow, that there is something very awful in a marriage contract, to a sensible and delicate mind.

Thank you, my sweet friend, for this obliging innuendo;—but I am not in a humour to quarrel, and the only revenge I desire to take, for this fly hint, is to insist upon your being present at my *nuptials*, I think that sounds better than *wedding*, and conveys a more dignified idea of the solemn ceremony. To be serious—for I am not merry, though

“ I do beguile the thing I am

“ With seeming otherwise.”

I feel that there is something very tremendous in uniting our fate, with that of a person whose temper and sentiments it is impossible we should be thoroughly acquainted with, and becoming as it were, dependent upon another for our temporal and eternal happiness.—For I agree with Dr. Tillotson, “ That an unhappy marriage is a lesser Hell, in passage to the greater.”—

I tremble whilst I write this sentence;—yet wherefore should I be so much alarmed? Stanley is generous and humane, and should he even cease to love me,—shocking thought, I will not dwell upon the gloomy subject.—Now for the

other end of the perspective.—We have got the prettiest house imaginable, very near Berkeley-square, not far from my sister Selwyn's and in the same street with Emma.—Apropos, Sir James Desmond is come to town, and her ladyship is expected in a few days; he seems in high spirits, which I rejoice at, because I know my sister's gentle nerves are always in strict unison with his.—I should be glad to know, if she is very happy.—If she is not, Lord have mercy upon me! for I never shall make half so good a wife, and yet I assure you I am resolved to be as good as I possibly can.

I did not intend to write above six lines, when I took up the pen, and they were meant to tell you,

That I vow and declare,  
And, still more, I swear,  
That while in the country you tarry,  
I may laugh, jest, or sing,  
Or do any odd thing,  
But depend on it, I will not marry.

There's an extempore for you.—We have a great deal of company to dine, and I must dress.

Your ladyship's most humble

LUCY EVELYN.

LET-

## LETTER XXIX.

WILLIAM STANLEY

TO

CHARLES EVELYN.

**I** BY no means wonder at the oppression of spirits you seemed to labour under, when you last wrote to me.—Such a succession of melancholy scenes would unstring the nerves of an Hercules.—I know not how to say I am sorry for Williams, and yet I feel something like concern for his death, mixed with a fear, that if he had lived, he would have relapsed into his former errors. To conquer habitual vice is a more than Herculean labour, it requires strength of mind and perseverance, qualities which are seldom to be met with in a vicious person—for all kinds of baseness enervate the soul, and render it averse from pain or difficulty.—But peace be with his ashes, and may his widow live to enjoy content, if not felicity.

I have consulted some of our ablest lawyers, and they agree in desiring you should take your trial at the ensuing assizes; but I hope neither this or any other business will prevent your being a witness and partaker of my happiness, in receiving the completion of my every wish, from my dear Lucy's hand.

The long and desired day is at length fixed for the eighteenth of next month.—By that time, Lady Desmond and Lady Juliana Harley will

both be in London, and my Lucy says, will both be present, at what she calls the awful ceremony.

After this hint, I think I need not press your coming; but let me intreat you, my dear Charles, upon this occasion, to cast off your glooms and fables——

“ For if looking well won’t move her,  
“ Looking ill will ne’er prevail.”

It is a general remark, that grave ladies like sprightly men.——Contrasts oftener create affection than similarity;—in manners only, I mean: for there must be a sympathy of sentiment, to form a perfect love.—“ Her taste was his own,” is one of the very best reasons for a real attachment that I know of.

I write in haste, for I resent the loss of every moment which I do not enjoy in my Lucy’s company.—My carriage waits to convey me to Clarges-street, you will therefore, I hope, forgive this abrupt adieu.

W. STANLEY.

LET-

## LETTER XXX.

CHARLES EVELYN  
TO  
WILLIAM STANLEY.

Bath.

**N**O, Stanley! no, my friend! I will not damp your joys; nor gloom, nor sorrow shall obtrude on your festivity.—I shall never put on a wedding-garment, and therefore will not be a guest at yours.—Yet shall my heart most truly sympathize in my friend's happiness, nor can his own form any wish more ardent that it may be lasting!

Lucy has many good and amiable qualities, and will, I am convinced, exert them all to insure the happiness of the man she loves.—I don't know any woman better qualified to make a good wife; she has an excellent temper, and constant spirits; and I am persuaded, that cheerfulness is a very necessary ingredient in matrimony.—The languid and dejected part of her sex seem to claim a constant exertion of their husband's tenderness; they appear to be incapable of bearing their part in the difficulties or distresses of life, and of course, throw the whole load upon the men.—But tho' it is natural to love the being we protect, it is as reasonable to expect, that the companion of our journey thro' life should at least endeavour to en-

liven the dreary part of the road, and make it seem less tiresome.—You know the adage,

*Jucunda comes, in viâ, pro vehiculo est.*

Such a one, I hope, you will find in my sister; and may your journey be long, but not tedious.

Believe me, my friend, I am sincerely rejoiced at hearing that Lady Juliana means to return to the world and her friends again.—May every happiness the world can give be hers!—and never, never shall I interrupt it.—How could you think that I would break my promise, and sink myself in her esteem? I scarce can pardon the idea.

My gentle Emma, too, will grace your wedding:—too surely may I say my heart will be amongst ye.—The rest of me, the mere animal body, will remain here till after the assizes, and, when they are over, I shall accompany Miss Harrison and her brother to Ireland. — He is a very sensible, elegant man, and thinks himself obliged to me for the attention I have shewn to his sister.

Poor Mrs. Williams continues in a very weak and languid state of health; fortune cannot repair the wrongs it has already done her; her physicians have hopes of her recovery from drinking the Bristol waters next summer, but I can scarcely form a hope that she will remain amongst us long enough to try their efficacy.

Present my sincerest congratulations to your fair bride, tho' I shall write to her and my sister Selwyn by next post\*.

\* These letters do not appear.

Farewel,

Farewel, my Stanley, and be assured that even the name of brother cannot add to the unfeigned regard with which

I am unalterably yours,  
C. EVELYN.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS LUCY EVELYN

TO

CHARLES EVELYN.

My dear Charles,

Clarges-street.

**I** Will not say with Beatrice, "Against my will  
"I am sent to bid you come to dinner."—  
For with my whole heart, that is, with all that I have left of it, I do entreat your company on the eighteenth inst.—Surely my good, my generous brother will not deny to grant the only request I have ever made to him.

Should you refuse, even your princely present would lose its lustre in my eyes, or at least your unkindness will diminish its brilliancy ; for indeed, I have set my heart upon your coming, and one should not be crossed upon one's wedding-day.—Let the honey-moon at least shine unclouded to its wane—Suppose Lady Juliana should be there, she is no Gorgon.—She has the beauty, indeed, of the Medusa head, but without its terrors.—For my life I can't find out why you and she are so horridly afraid of each other.—I am certain, that if you never meet, you will never come together ; and I think that it is an event that might probably

probably enough be brought about, if you did not take so much pains to avoid it.—Neither women nor men, I fancy, should be understood, *au pié du lettre*, upon the article of love; both sides generally say more than they literally mean.—For my part, I know I have told Mr. Stanley twenty times that I should never marry; and heartily sorry should I now be, if he had been such a dunce as to have taken me at my word.

For shame, then, Charles! take courage, and don't give out on her first denial.——

“ All women should be woo'd,

“ And not unsought be won.”

But let this matter be settled between you and your fair relict as you please: it has nothing to do with my request, with which I again entreat your compliance, and am most affectionately

Yours,

L. EVELYN.

*P. S.* Castlefranc has executed your commission in a most elegant taste.—Thank you, my sweet brother, for the handsomest pair of ear-rings I ever saw.——I mean to surprize Mr. Stanley with them, and will never forgive you, if you are not present to enjoy his astonishment, and hear Mr. Selwyn's remarks on the folly and vanity of such fopperies\*.

\* The answer to this letter being to the same purport as the letter XXIX. does not appear.---There are also many other letters relative to Mr. Stanley's wedding omitted.

L E T-

## LETTER XXXII.

LADY DESMOND

TO

CHARLES EVELYN

Charles-street, Berkeley-square.

**N**OT all the gay and pleasing scenes in which I have been engaged since my arrival here have been able to efface the tender melancholy I felt at bidding you adieu.—Tho' we parted at the Devizes, you accompanied me all the way to London; not even my little Fanny's chearful prattle and innocent curiosity could rouse me sufficiently from my reverie, to make me answer her questions rationally.—My mind was totally occupied on the peculiar unhappiness of yours, in not being able to conquer a passion, which you acknowledge to be hopeless.

My anxiety for you has rendered me unjust: I could not receive Lady Juliana with the cordiality and affection I used to feel for her, nor cast my eyes upon her elegant form without wishing to lessen her charms.—No woman ever took more pains to depreciate a rival's beauties to a wavering lover than I have done to find some fault with her's.—But it is in vain—I cannot discover a single imperfection, except her being the cause, tho' an innocent one, of your unhappiness. — I think she is thinner than she was when you saw her at Delville, and is almost as much spiritualized, tho' without the appearance of

of ill health, as your fair idea, Mrs. Williams ; for whose recovery I am much interested, and entreat you to present my best wishes to her.

Lady Juliana endeavoured to appear chearful at my sister's wedding, but every one might see *she strove* to be so.—What cause can be assigned for such a depression of spirits, in one who is surrounded with all the outward signs of happiness ? —She cannot surely love in vain — I know not what to think of her.—But this is the last time that even your entreaties shall prevail on me to mention her again.

I have been involved in a continued circle, or rather whirl, of public and private amusements, ever since I came to town ; yet I feel I have an heart, and that it grieves for you. — I look back with pleasure on the three days I spent with you at Bath ; tho' there is a good deal of regret mingled with the recollection, at not having had it in my power to persuade you to come up to London.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley are as happy as it is possible to be, and with true joy I say, they have a prospect of continuing so, if happiness were a *perennial* flower.—But alas ! few are the soils in which it always blooms. — In most that I have seen, it is but an *annual* ; nay, sometimes blasted e'er it can take root.—It is a celestial plant, and was not meant to flourish here below.

Do not from hence conclude I am unhappy ; if I were, I should deserve to be so, for I should be ungrateful to Providence and to you.—No,  
let

let my thankful heart acknowledge its felicity, by saying that my beloved James and Fanny both are well, and that I am, to the best of brothers, an affectionate sister.

E. DESMOND.

## LETTER XXXIII.

GEORGE SEWELL.

TO

JOHN SIMPSON.

**D**evilish bad, indeed, Jack! what, routed horse and foot! Stephens undone as well as you?—No hopes of repairing the damage, but by my success?—Let me tell you, gentlemen, this will never do.—You are mistaken, if you fancy I have touched all the Baronet's cash.—No more than a paltry seven hundred has come to my share.—I was obliged to take in a partner, as Sir James objected to playing with me, *tête-à-tête*, for large sums.—Not from any suspicion, but, as I was his friend, he did not chuse to win my money. Scrupulous idiot! he need not have feared hurting me.—A gamester, like an historian, should have neither country, religion, or friends.—There must be no boggling. I called in Kelly, and passed him for a rich West Indian.—We divided fourteen hundred, for, as Kelly is not of our set, he insisted on *the ready*.—He is an errant Jew, and it grieved me to go snacks with such a niggardly rascal.

However,

However, it was lucky that I struck the iron while it was hot, for, since my Lady's arrival in town, the Baronet has not touched a die.——

There has been a wedding in the family, and a deal of dining and supping together. — Their new brother-in-law, Mr. Stanley, is, I fancy, a devilish keen one. — I was in hopes to have touched him for a little of his wife's fortune, but upon Sir James proposing play a few nights ago, at his own house, this same wise-acre talked of gaming and gamesters in such a stile as made me almost blush, and with myself fairly out of the company.—I perceive there is nothing to be got by him.

Tho' Lady Desmond appears the gentlest of beings, I begin to fancy that her husband is a little in awe of her, from his not venturing to play since she came to town. — If this should be the case, I will take care that her reign shall be short, by throwing out hints of his apparent subjection, at which, I am sure, the Baronet's pride will revolt, and then let her Ladyship look to her jointure. — If I can cure his qualms about it, I shall have none of my own henceforward.—

There is a good clever woman in their set, that, I think, has spirit enough for any thing ; a Madame du Pont, she loves play, and seems to understand it ; but, I fancy, she is poor. Suppose we were to admit her of our society ? women are the best decoy-ducks in the world.—I don't fancy she would have many scruples, for I have heard that she is an infamous daughter to an indulgent

indulgent mother, whose circumstances she has ruined.——

I have some doubts about Monsieur, her husband, he seems to be a man of honour; but if he is fond of her, he will easily be converted into —— What? I do not like to answer the question.

It is devilish hard, lads, that we must be confined to this piddling work. — If they had not *black-balled* us at the great clubs, we might have rolled in our chariots long since; not but that there many of our fraternity amongst them; and some not half such honest fellows as ourselves.——

I enclose you bills for five hundred, to make a push with.—I desire, Jack, that you will be cautious how you play with foreigners; they generally know as much of the matter as we do. The East and West Indians are our best marks.——Full purses and honest hearts, the true *feræ naturæ* for gentlemen gamesters.

I have just received a message from Sir James: Lady Desmond goes to a ball: he has strained his ankle; and desires to see me. — It is not impossible that I may make him dance without a fiddle, before the night is over. Luck attend us all! Adieu.—

GEORGE SEWELL.

L E T-

## LETTER XXXIV.

CHARLES EVELYN  
 TO  
 WILLIAM STANLEY.

Bath.

**M**Y trial is over, and I stand acquitted by the laws of the land, as well as by my own conscience. — The process was very short; Williams had taken every possible precaution to secure both my life and honour.—Poor fellow! I wish he had taken as much pains to preserve his own.

The formalities of a court of judicature, even to a mind conscious of its innocence, and certain of acquittal, have something awful in them.—I am amazed how any person, who stands self-convicted, is able to support himself on such a tremendous occasion. Shakespear says,

—— “ I’ve heard

“ That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,

“ Have by the very cunning of the scene,

“ Been struck so to the soul, that presently

“ They have proclaimed their malefactions.”

I should think such an effect much more likely to be produced by putting a culprit on his trial; at least I am sure I should plead guilty, if I was conscious of being so.—But we are not judges of situations that we have not experienced; and perhaps if I was capable of committing murder  
 I might

I might be mean enough to deny my guilt, for the poor privilege of carrying up and down a wretched restless being.

But away with these Tyburn topics, and let me talk to you of love and joy. — To you I trust they are terms synonymous; to me they never can, or will be so. But tell me, Stanley, how does your lovely bride become that character? — Has she assumed an air of dignity, and put the matron on, even with the wedding-ring, as I have seen young ladies do e're now; or is she the same unaffected pleasant Lucy, not changed in any thing but name? — How go the Selwyns and the Desmonds on? — And answer me this once, has Lady Juliana ever mentioned me? —

There is a sister-in-law of her's here at present; a Miss Harley; she did me the honour to address me in the rooms, from having seen me for a moment at Harley-hill; I had not the least recollection of her. — How should I? — I saw her not, nor should have seen the Grecian Venus, had she stood before me. — I had no eyes, but for one single object. But I will not indulge myself with dwelling on the dear painful subject.

Miss Harley has been particularly civil to the Harrisons and me; I almost fancy she likes the Captain, and it is a very probable conjecture, for he is extremely agreeable, both in his person and manners; yet I shall be sorry if it is so, for I would not have any one who bears the name of Harley wretched, and I am pretty sure that  
his,

his affections are already bestowed upon Mrs. Williams; but I fear he will not be successful there, as he has a potent rival in the grim king of terrors, who lurks in ambush, even beneath her smiles.

I purpose setting out for Ireland in about ten days; if my sisters have any commissions to execute, I beg they will employ me, as I am to them, and you, a sincerely affectionate brother,  
C. EVELYN.

### LETTER XXXV.

MRS. STANLEY.

TO

CHARLES EVELYN.

Charles-street, Berkeley-square.

**I** HAVE snatched the pen from my *husband*—how oddly *that word* looks! because I am resolved to answer for myself, as I have heard it remarked, that one should never rely upon what a man says of his *wife*. — There's another queer word — and because I have a secret to tell you, that I don't chuse to trust Mr. Stanley with. — You see that I am already *au fait* of the mysteries of matrimony, and *understand my place*.

Now to your queries—I have not assumed any matronly airs as yet, merely because I don't think they would become me. — Besides, the man likes me as I am at present, but the moment I perceive the least alteration in his manners towards me, I'll turn the tables upon him, study the Graces, become

become at once a very dignified fine lady, scorn to laugh at any thing however ridiculous, and be as dull and as formal as any Donna Elvira at the Court of Madrid.—If variety has charms, such a contrast surely must delight him.

Now for my secret.—Hush, let me whisper in your ear.—It is not Capt. Harrison, but Charles Evelyn, that has captivated the tender heart of the young and beautiful Miss Harley. — Lady Juliana assures me, that her sister-in-law is very little turned of thirty ; but were I to judge, I think we might add ten to the score, and bring her almost on the road to fifty. — But were she fifteen, I should not like her ; but that is no reason for your dislike ; and now that I am married, and settled as it were, I would fain have you in the same predicament. — Yet I wish you to look somewhere else for a wife, as I am persuaded there never will be a match between a Harley and an Evelyn.

They say the Irish ladies are remarkably handsome ; who knows but some fair bogtrotter may lay hold of your heart, and transmogrify you into a brogueeneer.—You ask me for commissions ; bring me over a sister-in-law, and I won't trouble you for any else ; but if you return single, I desire you to bring me a great quantity of Irish stuff, and every other kind of contraband commodity you can contrive to smuggle, that is the manufacture of that country.

I know you won't think my letter worth the postage, if I don't say something of Lady Juliana.

— Seriously,

—Seriously, Charles, she gives me great uneasiness; both her health and spirits decline visibly, and I am certain there is a cruel something that preys upon her heart.—She laments her being the cause of your absenting yourself from your family, yet highly approves your shunning her.—She sometimes talks of going abroad, but I don't believe she will ever have resolution enough to travel; for even I cannot prevail on her to stir from her own fire-side.—In short, she is a riddle too difficult for me to expound.

The Selwyns and Desmonds all salute you, as does my Sposo, and your affectionate sister.

LUCY STANLEY.

P. S. Madame Du Pont, whom you will possibly know better by the name of Maria Morton, desires her compliments to you. — She is a great deal with us at present, as my brother and sister Desmond seem to have taken a particular liking for her.—I think she is more agreeable as Madame Du Pont, than she was as Miss Morton.—But I hear shocking stories of her behaviour to her mother.—If they are true, I shall renounce her; — for to me, nor all the charms of wit and beauty can compensate for a bad heart. — Pray write from Ireland, and tell me all about it.

LET-

## LETTER XXXVI.

GEORGE SEWELL

TO

JOHN SIMPSON.

**S**O the wheel is gone round I find, and you are now pretty near the top.—Climb away, Jack, but remember to sit fast when you get on the pinnacle. — — Such another tumble as your last would go near to undo us.

Dame Fortune has been pleased to give me a lift also, yet I could not have gone on cleverly if you had not supplied me with the *ready*.—The baronet's cash is exhausted, and I have been kind enough to furnish him with a brace of hundreds, which added to the sum he has lost to me since I wrote last, makes a cool thousand; and all I have to shew for it is a piece of stamped paper, bond and warrant, my boy, that's all.

Give me credit, Jack, I am a Machiavel in politics.—Madame Du Pont is the finest bait I ever had to angle with; she is really a woman of sense and spirit, and will very soon be as adroit as any of our fraternity. — — Her husband is a silly fellow, but he is a Frenchman, and suffers her to do just what she pleases. — — She coquets with the baronet, and he loses his money with the best grace imaginable.—Filthy dice are banished, Monsieur Du Pont thinks it too masculine for ladies to play at hazard; and the noise of the box gives Lady Desmond the head-ach. — I am  
much

much mistaken if the heart-ach is not added to her other complaints very soon.—So now we only piddle at loo, quinze, pharo, vingt et un.

Lady Desmond never plays, and I think she begins to look coldly on her female friend; but while Sir James's warmth continues, her ladyship's frigidity is of small consequence.—The only end it can answer, will be to disgust her husband; for she is too timid to oppose him; and our fair ally is not of an humour to be easily discouraged where either her pleasure or profit is concerned.

I rejoice to hear that Evelyn is gone to Ireland; I was devilishly afraid he would have come athwart us.---I made him believe I had left off play, and I must have looked silly if he had found me at it.-----I wish we were as fairly rid of Stanley. --- I can't bear that man; --- I don't know why, but I shrink before him, and yet I am no coward, Jack.---A man should have courage that plays all the game, and yet not affect the bully either. --- I have seen you much too hot upon some occasions. --- But I hope that humour was pretty well *corrected* by your Irish expedition.

I wish you joy of your lordly nabob :---he is a prize, indeed !---Stick to him like a leech, Jack, for there can be no sin in robbing those who have robbed others.---'Tis every honest man's duty to recover stolen goods from a thief, though he had no original claim to the property. --- Go on and prosper then.

Your's,

G. SEWELL.

## LETTER XXXVII.

CHARLES EVELYN

TO

MRS. STANLEY.

Bath.

**I** HAVE not words to express the pain I have suffered from your last letter. --- " Her health and spirits decline visibly ----- A cruel something preys upon her heart."

O Lucy! how could you write those words, and not efface them with your tears?—I thought I had already experienced every species of anguish that could be inflicted by disappointed love. — From respect and tenderness to the dear cause of all my sufferings, I had brought my humble mind to such a state of acquiescence, as to forbear complaining — Nay, I am persuaded I could, without repining, have endured to see her married to the object of her choice.—But to know she is unhappy must render me so beyond a hope of cure. — I have been long labouring to consider this idol of my heart as misers do their hidden treasure; though hopeless of enjoying it, yet while I thought 'twas safe, I could not look upon myself undone. — Now I am robbed of my ideal wealth, and am left poor indeed.

O Lucy, if you ever loved me, strive, I conjure you, to assuage her gentle sorrows, and pour the balm of friendship on her wounded

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heart!

heart! Gracious heaven! what can the affliction be that thus oppresses her mild spirits? Would I could bear it for her, and ease her troubled breast.

Perhaps this place, or Bristol, might be of service to her health; perhaps 'tis that alone which is impaired, and the now coming spring may with its vernal breezes bring back health to her, and happiness to me. — Comparative happiness, I mean, for I have long been wretched, but never was completely so till now.

Let Lady Juliana know that I shall quit this place immediately. — You know that I intended it before, but if I had not, nothing on earth should now detain me here, I would fly to the antipodes to leave it free for her. Surely my fate is singularly severe, that thus impels me to a voluntary banishment from every place in which my happiness is centered.

I cannot, Lucy, enter into your raillery in regard to Miss Harley; I do not think her amiable; but were she all that could attract “Envy in woman, or desire in man,” her charms would be entirely lost on me. — My eyes are closed to beauty; I only feel its power when I turn them inward, and gaze upon the image in my heart.

I am sorry to hear that Madame Dupont is so intimate with Emma, though I am certain it will never be in her power to pervert her principles, or render her heart callous; yet, from the hint you give, and my own observation, I by no means

means think her an eligible companion for my sister.—A female mind cannot have too much delicacy, provided that it does not degenerate into affectation.—A gross or boisterous woman is an unnatural character, and were I married, I had much rather my wife should converse with men than monsters.

The freedom that subsists between female friends, renders the conversation of such a person as I have mentioned, infinitely more dangerous than that of a male-libertine.—A woman easily sees through his designs, and may, if she pleases, be on her guard against them. — While the insidious companion of her private hours, without alarming, saps the foundation of her every virtue.

But grant they should be fixed, and are impregnable, will not the tainted gale, by often passing o'er the beauteous flower, tarnish its lustre, abate its fragrant scent, take off its polish, and fade its blooming tints. As chaste, as delicate, believe me, Lucy, as the opening rose, should be the female heart.

Not even the present anxiety of my mind can render me indifferent to the happiness of one with whom I am so tenderly connected, as Lady Desmond.—Read the above passage to her, and I am certain she will want no further caution.

I shall set out for Ireland to-morrow.—  
Remember, my sister, though sure I need not urge your friendship, that the treasure of my heart is committed to your care; and may your

kind attention be rewarded with the restoration of Lady Juliana's health and happiness.

Present my affections to our sisters, to yours and my Stanley, and write soon, I intreat you, to your unhappy and affectionate brother,

C. EVELYN.

P. S. Direct for me at Captain Harrison's, Kildare-street, Dublin. — I am all amazement—Harrison is just come in and tells me that Miss Harley has offered to accompany his sister to Ireland! What can she mean? She shall not go, if I can prevent it.

*End of the First Volume.*

